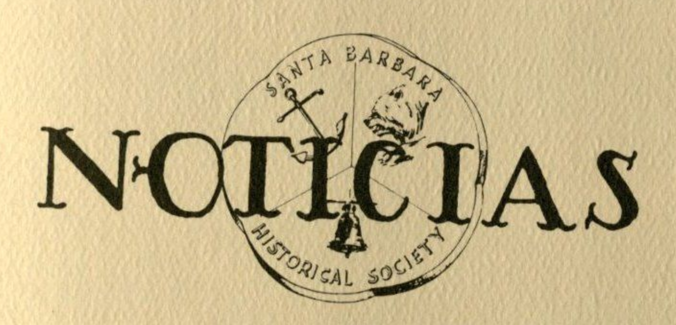
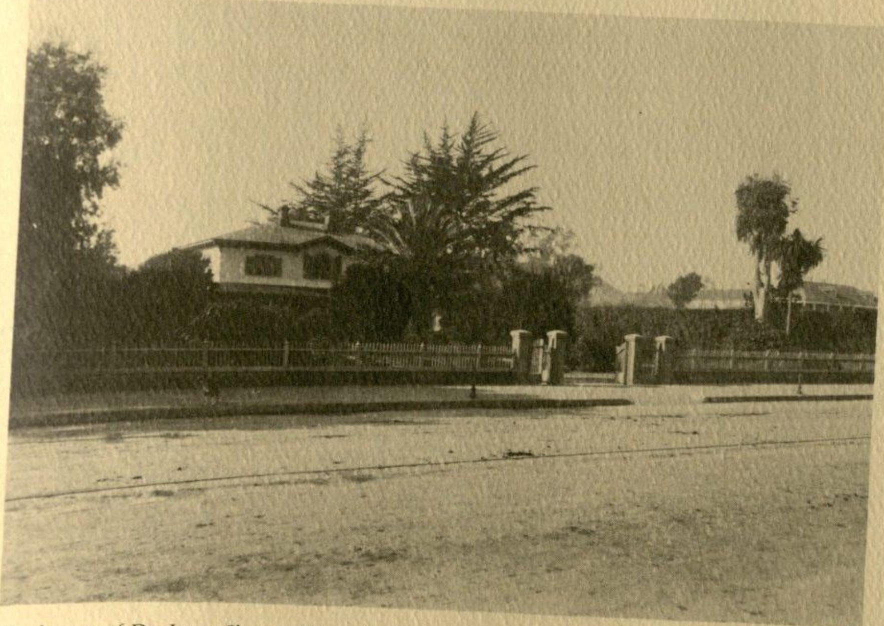
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

Mr. George E. Frakes
735 Willow Glen Road
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The homes of Dr. James Shaw and Isaac Sparks

S.B. Historical Society

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San Carlos Hotel (center) and an old adobe

S.B. Historical Society

EARLY SANTA BARBARA SCENES

By Geraldine Valdé Sahyun*

My grandfather, Richard Dowell, had an excellent memory, and he used to delight me with stories of early Santa Barbara as he knew it. One of my favorites began with "Let's take a walk up State Street, as it was when we came." One day I wrote down what he said, so in the intervening years I have been able to take that walk again at times, and now can invite you to accompany us.

Richard Dowell came to Santa Barbara in the 1860s, as a very young man. He and his bride, Sarah Ann, had accompanied her parents, Henry and Ann Penry and their younger children, on the long journey from England to New York, thence to the Isthmus of Panama, which they crossed on the little railway which existed then, and finally again by ship to San Francisco. While living there they heard such inviting tales of a lovely little town to the south, Santa Barbara, that they decided to come here to settle, and took ship once more on the Orizaba.

They landed by small boats at the foot of Chapala Street. Grandfather used to say that after making that somewhat primitive landing, and seeing Indians sitting on the beach, he thought he had come to the end of the world. However, he soon learned that the Indians had merely come in from the Cienaguitas to watch the steamer arrive — an event of considerable interest to the white residents as well.

Facing the ocean, on what is now East Cabrillo Boulevard, was a warehouse kept by Captain Horatio Gates Trussell, whose adobe home on East Montecito Street is now a historical monument, belonging to the Santa Barbara Historical Society. To the right of the warehouse was a boarding house for sailors, which belonged to a Captain Chase.

The Newcomers' Ride up State Street

The only conveyance available for hire was a dray to carry the luggage, so the family rode up to the St. Charles Hotel seated on their trunks. Coming up State Street, the first building on the right was the residence of Captain Martin Morse Kimberly, an otter hunter.

Next on the left was the home of Dr. James B. Shaw, whose property extended from Yanonali to Montecito Street, with a large garden. (Later, my grandparents were to build their own home across State Street from the Shaws, who were by that time close friends.)

On the same side as the Shaws' house, in the block above, the home of Isaac Sparks stood near the corner of Montecito Street. On the opposite corner was a frame building. Again on the left, in the next block, was the adobe residence of Charlie Brown (whose real name was Dittman), followed by the Forbush home. At the end of that block on the corner of Haley Street, was John F. Stearns' lumber yard.

The right, or east, side of State Street from Montecito to Haley Streets, was vacant. Above Haley were a few small frame houses, and at the center of the block was the adobe home of Tom S. Martin, who had come to Santa

*Mrs. Melville Sahyun is a native Santa Barbaran whose long family association with Santa Barbara makes this contribution particularly significant. For many years she danced in Fiesta celebrations, having been taught by Maria de Los Angeles Ruiz. She has contributed previous articles to *Noticias* and other local historical publications.

Barbara with Fremont and stayed on, married to a Spanish-California girl. Between Cota and Ortega Streets the property belonged to Dixie Thompson, but there were no buildings on it except a few small shacks.

Across the street between Cota and Ortega Streets was an adobe store called the "Farmers' Store," owned by A. Goux. Next to the store was Charles Pierce's lumber yard, also a wagon maker's shop, followed by the Pierce residence. Above that, in a tiny frame building, was the drug store owned by Gutierrez and Biggs, followed by Dr. Biggs' residence, set some fifty feet back from the street, with a well-kept garden.

Above Ortega Street, still on the west side of State Street, were two or three little frame stores, one of which was occupied by the Loomis Saddlery and Harness Maker Shop, and next a grocery owned by Mr. Andonaegui. There were a few small frame shacks between the Andonaegui store and the next building, which was an adobe store and Wells-Fargo office, owned by County Judge Francis J. Maguire. Following Maguire's was a two-story saloon owned by Frank Aubrey, which grandfather said was on the corner of "old De La Guerra Street."

On the east side of State above Ortega was the Del Valle residence, and next to it, Boeseke's tin shop, followed by a grocery store kept by Frank Frost in a small adobe building. Then came the adobe American Hotel, one or two small frame buildings, George Hartley's livery stable, and more adobes up to De la Guerra Street. The Tapo Saloon stood just above De la Guerra, then two frame buildings, and adobes for the remainder of the block. Across Cañon Perdido Street, Goss the shoemaker had his shop and residence in a small frame building.

Returning to the west side of State Street at De la Guerra, the large adobe St. Charles Hotel dominated the corner property. This historic building played an important part in Santa Barbara's history, and housed most of the new residents upon their arrival. Beyond the hotel stood the adobe home of Judge Ord, who also had his office there. Next to that was a frame building, which was occupied by two businesses — Charlie Bowen's barbershop, and a restaurant operated by Louis Raffour, who later had the well-known Raffour House by the Plaza.

State Street's Abrupt End

Above Cañon Perdido Street, still on the west side, was a small frame building occupied by Ealand's butchershop. At right angles to it was a large adobe house which extended across State Street, completely blocking the street and effectively bringing to an end the business district, though people wishing to walk or ride farther up the street simply detoured around it.

This was State Street over a hundred years ago, its pace unhurried, its buildings still mainly of adobe construction. Grandfather came to know that street well — in fact, the whole town, for shortly after his arrival he was hired as deputy by Sheriff Nicolás Covarrubias. He enjoyed his work, and remained in law-enforcement for the rest of his active life — and he loved Santa Barbara and always took an active interest in its development over the years.

Christmas Observances

I learned as a child that Christmas is a time for remembering, for my mother, Geraldine Dowell Valdé and the other older family members always reminisced about Christmas in the little brick house built by my great-grandfather Henry Penry. as that season of the year approached. I was fascinated by the tales that revealed the warmth and enchantment of the Christmas they enjoyed in the first brick residence in Santa Barbara.

The tiny dwelling still standing at the southeast corner of Pedregosa and De la Vina Streets was of necessity very small, for the little pueblo's supply of brick was so meager that Henry Penry had to wait for the next shipment of bricks from San Francisco before he could finish it.

My great grandparents occupied the brick house during my mother's childhood, but by that time frame additions had increased its size. Later, a larger, two-story frame residence built next door was more commodious, but lacked the charm of the first quaint dwelling.

Christmas, viewed from my mother's accounts, seems much less simple than today, when so many presents are available in stores. But more thought and preparation were put into pre-season activities, for gifts were made at home. Money was not plentiful, and the young people spent much time and thought stretching their Christmas funds to include presents for their large group of friends and relatives.

Delicacies for the Christmas feast were not available in local stores, and housewives began baking fruit cakes, plum puddings and making mincemeat far ahead, to ripen. Women members of the family worked together to seed raisins, stem and wash currants, slice candied fruit, chop suet and cook meat for the mincemeat. The resulting product was a full-bodied mincemeat, rich with meat, fruit and spices. Sometimes the children helped for a short time, but the tasty fruit was too tempting, and too much disappeared, so they stood watching wistfully until they were invited to play outside.

Christmas trees were not a part of the Hispanic tradition. They were scarce in the stores of the little town, and there were few available ornaments for their decoration. They appeared mainly at Sunday School celebrations, the holiday parties of organizations and in the homes of some of the more affluent residents. However, a substitute could be found when necessary in a "Jacob's Ladder," inspired by the Biblical account of Jacob's dream of angels descending a ladder which reached up to Heaven. The family ladder, leaned against the wall near the fireplace, was decorated with greens and Christmas ornaments, some of them home-made, and the gifts were hung upon it or piled on the steps or at its base.

A Busy Christmas Day

On Christmas Day the children had their Christmas stockings at home; then great-grandfather Penry arrived with the surrey with fringe on top, to take the family from their home on State Street to the little brick house. The children shouted "Merry Christmas" to everyone along the way up the street. Since everyone knew all the other town residents, there was a gay exchange of greetings.

The merry ride and anticipation of gifts to be opened caused such excite-

ment that present-opening was the first activity at the Penry home. Then the children went outdoors to play with their new toys and await the Christmas feast being prepared by their elders.

Their dinner was a traditional English Christmas feast, enjoyed in a leisurely fashion. It ended with mince pie and flaming plum pudding. Conversation and music filled the relaxing time after the bountiful meal. The family sang the familiar Christmas carols, and songs of their new country and of their English homeland. The children were encouraged to participate by learning songs or recitations to present, and on one long-remembered occasion two of the boys secretly rehearsed a lively ballad about the exploits of Frank and Jesse James, which met with a somewhat mixed reception!

In the evening, there was supper, more visiting and music, and finally each family's roundup of gifts and sleepy children for a homeward ride, carrying with them the special memories of another Christmas.



DIARY OF A SANTA BARBARA VISITOR, 1909
By Gordon Forbes

We have made excerpts from the diary of Gordon Forbes, father of Wilson Forbes of Montecito, which is on file in the Gledhill Library. After a tour of Europe, he arrived in Santa Barbara January 15, 1909, for a two-month visit before leaving for his home in the east:

-Ed.

Jan. 15th. Left Los Angeles 1 p.m.; arrived Santa Barbara 7:15, 45 minutes late. Took cab at station and started for Country Club. Raining hard — roads very bad; dark and not a light in sight. Driver says it is 4 miles & that he has never driven anyone out to club so don't know what kind of a place I am going to. Found Mr. Gould & Lee at dinner. A very nice club house & as we three are the only people living here we ought to be very comfortable.

After dinner the Sextette for "Dear Santa Barbara" came in for rehearsal. Composed of: Mr. and Mrs. Jack U. Hussey, Pittsburg. She is Mr. De Laney's sister & he was Princeton '98. The others: Frank Frazier (Chicago, 1905); Miss Roma Huysleton (Pittsburg) Mrs. Nat Moore (née Helen Fargo), Clarence Day, Edwards & Earl Graham.

They are going to have a vaudeville for benefit of club and have got me into 3 stunts, much against my will, but Mrs. Graham [the director] won't take no.

Have the part of hanger on in a play by Lloyd Osborne (adopted son of Mrs. Robert L. Stevenson). Mrs. Stevenson is most unusual looking, with a very strong curious face. Am also in Pullman sleeping car scene, "A Week from Thursday," as Cameron Rogers, who wrote "The Rosary," and a minstrel show which I hope will be given up.

. . . Dined at Grahams', who have the show place of Santa Barbara on Booth's Point overlooking the beach and town. Mr. William Graham is a fine type of self-made man. Left Pittsburg owing $60,000 — came West, became interested in oil, paid back all his creditors with interest & is now very wealthy.

Most wonderful country for riding, as the beach can be ridden on with few exceptions for 30-40 miles and there are splendid trails all over mountains which parallel the sea back about 4 miles & are 200 [?] feet high.

Feb. 1st. Rain steadily for last two weeks with only two fine days which made rain more unendurable.

Show came off last night & was a great success. Took in 250 tickets at $2.00 each, so with supper & cigars, drinks etc. they should make $300-$400. . . .

Pullman car scene a great success. Represented 4 people trying to get to Santa Barbara in time for show, & as we have had no train service now either north or south for 4 days owing to washouts & landslides, it was somewhat realistic. Composed of Francis McComers [?], (an artist from San Francisco who does very good water colours) Earl Graham as Porter. Miss Katherine de Young as Mrs. Dr. Sidebotham & Miss McClaren & self.

Party composed of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Hussey, Mr. & Mrs. Frazier, Mrs. Nat Moore & self went to Shepard's Inn — a quiet little boarding house back of Carpinteria for a couple of days expecting to ride on to Ojai Valley, but owing to rain came home in motor car. Saw landslide on way home. At 8 p.m. a small slide occurred which held the Los Angeles passenger #9 until it was cleared at 5 a.m., but just as train was to be flagged through, the big slide occurred, burying the work train & 4 Greeks under 40 feet of stone & gravel — five minutes later the passenger train would have been caught. It will take the S.P.R.R. two or three months to clear up this mess & as it is right on beach they had to build a fly out into the ocean.

Owing to rain have no chance to do much painting, but am rather pleased with two oils which represent my first real attempt to do nature in oil. Leslie W. Lee started my portrait and got a very good likeness in charcoal sketch, but owing to changing plan of picture when halfway through, the portrait was a failure. Did Mrs. Hussey with Francis Underhill's place as background.

Feb. 11th. Usual life of riding, sketching etc. . . .

Met following people: Belmore Brown (Tacoma) who has hunted a great deal in northern Canada — he draws pen & ink sketches of animals [for?] magazines. . . . Ned Field — private secretary to Mrs. Stevenson — a very nice lad. Mrs. Strong, daughter of Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Frank Norris, widow of author of "The Pit," etc. . . . Mrs. Milo Potter, wife of owner of Potter Hotel and daughter, Nina Jones. . . . Charles Russel from Santa Ynez, The Olives, Calif. — he is quite a political somebody. . . .

A Seal Hunt

As I had been trying ever since my arrival in Santa Barbara to get someone to make a trip to Santa Cruz Island, I jumped at the chance to go under any conditions & when my driver causally told me he was leaving next morning at 6 a.m. (it was then 5 p.m.) with a Captain Vasquez, I immediately sought

out the Spanish captain & made arrangements to go as one of the crew. It was decided to be gone about a week at least, to camp on Santa Cruz Island and if the weather should prevent hunting during that week to come home for more provisions & return. The object of the expedition was to procure alive & unhurt 50 sea lions to be shipped east for a circus — the price offered being $50 per seal, F. O. B.

Our crew comprised the following men: Capt. Vasquez, Spanish; 1st mate, "Dago," Italian; 3 brothers, full blooded Indians; 1 Mexican, G. F. [Gordon Forbes], quartermaster and photographer to the expedition.

At 6 a.m. we embarked on the Gussie M, a small boat of only 14 tons, 40 feet by 14 feet, equipped with 20 H.P. engine. She was completely covered by the 20 crates which were to be the prison houses for our prey.

The three Indian boys were very drunk and as each had a quart bottle of whiskey which they indulged in behind the Captain's back, the chances of becoming sober soon were remote. We had a rough trip over — rain & wind comprising 4 hours for the trip.

The north shore of Santa Cruz Island is most impressive. Throughout its entire length of 20 miles there are only 4 or 5 possibilities of landing, owing to the high & almost vertical cliffs which run up from the water about 200 or 300 feet. We landed in Fry's Harbour which is a small pebbly beach about 100 yards long & flanked by steep rocks on either side — a most picturesque spot which together with crew and language reminded me of the smuggler's cave in Carmen.

Captain & I put up 8 x 10 tent on beach & had lunch of onion soup & macaroni at 2:30.

Wind still blows hard from S E, which makes it impossible to use nets owing to heavy sea, so we will have to wait.

The Island has many sheep which have been running wild for so many generations that they are as quick of sight & keen of smell as a mountain sheep. Took rifle after supper to try & get one, but as they were all to leeward I had to give it up as they get wind of me when over a mile away. It was quite interesting to see a ram suddenly look up from grazing & search all the country to windward, but not seeing me he spoke to the flock of 4 or 5 & they slowly walked up the mountain.

In bed by 7:15. Rain all night in big drops.

March 27th. Strong wind in W, but too much swell to handle nets & boats. The Mexican & I went two miles below camp for sheep & after working round to leeward he finally got one — I only had my Mauser rifle. Had a liver & kidneys for lunch. At 11 a.m. tried for sheepshead, but as we had no crawfish which is right kind of bait, had no luck. Went up canyon after lunch & after two hours meandering & crawling on hands & knees finally got a shot, but it turned out to be a ram, which of course is useless for eating.

Supper at 4:30 & in bed by 7 — these are certainly queer hours.

Still heavy swells so had a lazy day fishing. Looks good for tomorrow. I think that after seeing the Indian boy cook and having partaken thereof I could eat anything. His method of tasting soup with stirring spoon accompanied by a gurgling noise is certainly not appetizing — he made some bread today with dirty hands & the flour was black.

Method of Capturing Seals

March 29th. Breakfast at 5:15. Left for cave at west end of Island at 5:30 — a run of an hour. The shore of the island here has several caves running back 100-300 feet & here the seals are to be found. The method of capture is as follows: A net 30 feet in depth is placed around mouth of cave & tied to rock on either side.

Capt. Vasquez stands in stern of skiff just outside this net. A rifle shot up into cave by its sound drives the seals out into the enclosure at mouth of cave. The first thing seen is a gray streak through the water, but as seal has to have air, a head is soon seen for a moment above water only to disappear in a second. The captain's duty is to anticipate the place where a seal is going to appear & throw a lasso which catches seal around throat & as noose tightens the fur prevents it from slipping over his head which is very little bigger than his neck. The sport now begins, for it is a pretty even fight between a man in a skiff and a 225-pound bunch of muscle. The next step is to get a second rope around his tail which branches out into two stiff points. This involves much roaring on the part of seal — snapping and jumping out of water in trying to bite the man's arm. It is no child's play & the man has to know his business very well to be able to outwit the sea lion. After 15-30 minutes the second rope is fixed to his tail, thrown ashore & pulled in by 3 or 4 of the crew — and as I had the pleasure of helping in this performance, I want to say that no fish on any light rod had the show & run for his money that a 200-pound seal has with a rope about his tail. By putting the respective ends of the two ropes through opposite ends of the crate the seal is finally pulled in & boxed up. After roaring, snapping & thrashing about for 15 minutes he very sensibly comes to the conclusion that it is useless & lies still with his flippers folded under him, looking very peaceful & gentle with his big, soft, cow-like eyes. The crates are left in the water tied in a string & towed back to camp where they are moored to a buoy until ready to be taken home.

April 13th. Spent three more days waiting for swell to go down, but without result. So Capt. Vasquez brought me home, refilled his larder & went back to crew whom he left on Island to prevent all becoming drunk if taken to Santa Barbara for a night.

This week I will always regard as one of the most interesting ones in my life. The Island is in itself well worth spending a couple of weeks on as it is most beautiful — somewhat like the Azores. The pictures I took of actual catching of seals are not good, owing to rain & bad light.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE RIVIERA*

By Stella Haverland Rouse

In the early 1870s Riviera land roughly west of Mission Ridge Road was Mission property; eastward, it was government-owned, to be secured by preemption. In September, 1923, Charles A. Storke reminisced that three men held land on the hillside when he was attracted to the site. One man had a cabin on the property of the present El Encanto Hotel; another lived at the head of East Valerio Street. By preemption and purchase Storke secured for $1.25 an acre one hundred and twenty-three acres covering land from approximately what is now St. Francis Hospital to the southeast corner of the old State College campus, and running up toward what is now Mission Ridge Road.

Rockland, a Riviera Tract

He built his home at 1740 Grand Avenue, where, according to an April 21, 1876 news story, the light from his house first shone on the foothills. Beyond East Valerio Street, the city boundary line, a county road led up toward the future college. Storke made a graded, rocky and dusty road, and advertised lots for sale in plots of one to four acres. He called that tract "Rockland," but townspeople dubbed it "Storke's Folly." Well water could not be secured there, and at first water was hauled in barrels from the Mission Water Company. The advertised "superb view" was its chief attraction, but prospective residents considered it too far from downtown.

Arlington Heights Subdivision

Most of the land stayed in his ownership for ten years, until Walter S. Hawley came here in October, 1886, attracted by the expected land boom which arrival of the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks would develop. Hawley established a farm equipment salesroom here, promoted paving State Street and other town improvements and built office buildings. He also bought from Storke his Riviera holdings, calling a residential tract improved on the hillside "Arlington Heights," although it was also called "Hawley Heights" by townspeople. He planted some trees, installed sewers, laid out some streets and installed two bridges on the lower Riviera near what is now St. Francis Hospital. It sold for $30 a front foot.

Land speculation sales decreased after a few scattered houses were built, and Mr. Hawley died. In 1891 W.B. Metcalf, banker and county treasurer, built a home on Grand Avenue which is still standing at the head of East Valerio Street. Again the tract sat neglected until 1913 when the State Normal School was to be established on the Riviera and the Hawley heirs sold the land to George A. Batchelder and his group of developers.

The Normal School

When Anna S. C. Blake established a sloyd or manual training school for boys and girls here in the early 1890s, she began an institution with far-reaching consequences. The school was so successful that it developed into a training school for teachers in the field shortly after Miss Blake's death.

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*Facts about the Storke, Hawley, Riviera tracts and the Normal School development are based on stories in the *News-Press* "Olden Days" column, which are filed in scrapbooks in the Historical Society Library.

That establishment outgrew its quarters and the city's ability to finance it by 1909, and the state was asked to establish a normal school for $150,000. The city was to furnish the site, and after land was secured on the Riviera,



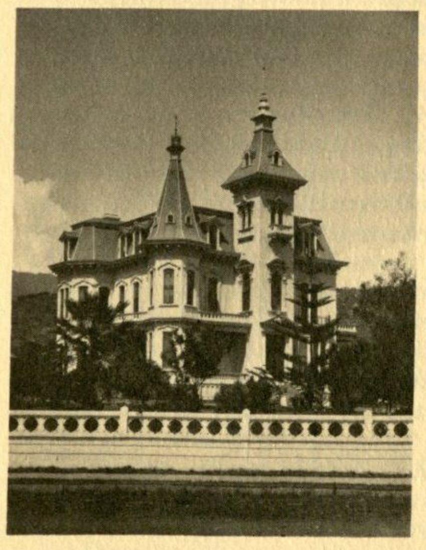
W.B. Metcalf home, Grand Avenue
Clarence Rouse



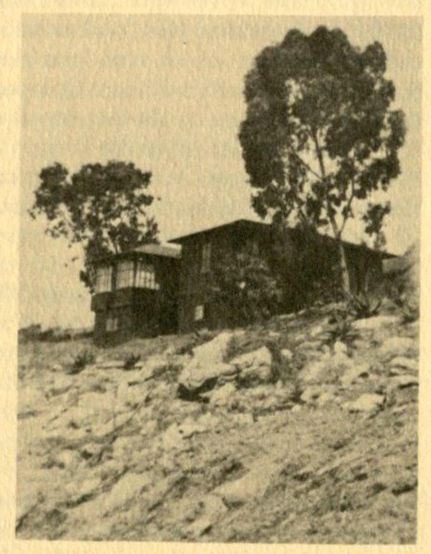
Corridor and quad of Normal School
S.B. Historical Society

was to see that there was adequate transportation to it.

A committee searched for quite a while, even considering using Alameda Park, and then land which formerly comprised the Sheffield holdings, was donated by C.A. Edwards and other Riviera estates. The Riviera was mostly bare land, with only a few houses showing prominently. High up, almost to the top of the ridge, above what is now Mission Ridge Road, was *Montarioso*, the home of Dr. Francesco Franceschi, built on forty acres of barren land where he was establishing a nursery. There were scattered homes on lots which Walter N. Hawley had sold in the late 1880s. Below them, on the site of the present Roosevelt school was the elaborate Victorian mansion built by Gaspar Oreña about 1878, and then the home of Hawley's widow.



Gaspar Orena mansion, demolished for Roosevelt School S.B. Historical Society



Rocky slope below Franceschi house, where Mission Ridge Road now runs Warren E. Fenzi

In April, 1913 Clarence Black announced that he would build the first Riviera mansion at 2130 Mission Ridge Road, now Marymount school, behind the Normal School site.

Since there had never been many houses, there were few good roads leading up the foothill; consequently when the school was ready for dedication in September, 1913, there was no adequate access to it. While the street railway right of way had been partially graded from the end of the line at the old Mission, the tracks had not been laid. The Riviera development company furnished funds to make a temporary one-way road up the hill over the future roadbed. Livery stables furnished tallyhos and carriages to take passengers from the streetcar line to the school. Visitors were returned via Mountain Drive. It was a narrow route which had been widened in spots for the occasion, and a wall had been installed at a hairpin turn above Mission Creek to avoid accidents.

On September 6 the Daily News announced that since the streetcar line was not yet completed, the street railway would furnish a bus at the end of the car line from 9:30 to 10:30 to take students to the school, and "the walk home down the hill will provide a delightful diversion after a busy day." The line was finally running regularly by November 10, 1913.

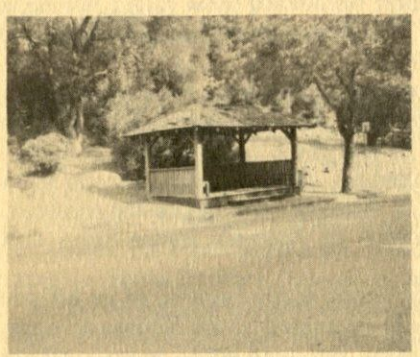
A waiting station was constructed at the intersection of Alameda Padre Serra and Lasuen Road. After several years the tracks were extended 2600 feet, ending on Alameda Padre Serra eastward of Moreno Road. Restrooms were built at the northeast corner of Alameda Padre Serra and Moreno Road.

Road Construction

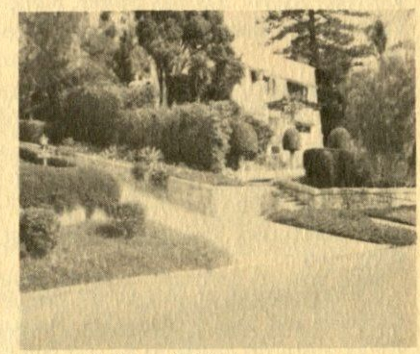
Realizing that lack of access was a great inconvenience and poor city publicity, residents agitated for road building up the hill. They advocated paving Valerio Street from Garden to Grand. A Morning Press Story August 22, 1913, states that Mrs. Walter Hawley gave a quit claim deed to a "lane" called Cherokee which was "the extension of Valerio Street" to Putnam (Loma) Street, and the Riviera Company proposed to widen and macadamize it for easier access to the heights above. There seems to be no additional reference to the lane, but the Riviera Company offered to pave about seven blocks of the upper portion of the suggested route, if the city would pave the road from Garden to Putnam (Loma) Street. That route which the council ordered paved in April, 1915, served adequately until property owners were persuaded to grant rights of way for establishment of a vehicle road alongside the car tracks from the Mission to the School.

In September, 1913, James M. Warren began building four cottages "on Freelon Avenue" (renamed Lasuen Road) costing from $2,000 to $3,400 each to house students across the road from the Normal School. But since in 1916 only three of the eight units then existing were occupied by students, he constructed a central building for a cottage type hotel, which developed into the popular resort, El Encanto Hotel. In August 1916, the Riviera School, an open air public school was established on Putnam (Loma) Avenue to serve children of the neighborhood until the Oreña mansion was torn down for the Roosevelt School in the 1920s. Land for Jefferson School on Alameda Padre Serra was purchased in 1929. Many Santa Barbarans also remember

the State College's teacher training school which enrolled elementary school pupils in the 1920s and 1930s.



Streetcar stop, Alameda Padre Serra
Clarence Rouse



George H. Greenfield's home
Clarence Rouse

The Riviera Subdivision

As the Normal School site was becoming a campus, on March 23, 1913, the Morning Press announced that George Batchelder and other investors had bought one hundred acres of land from the Hawley heirs, and other acreage to lay out a "subdivision," on a total of 300 acres. Ground was broken in the fall of 1913. One newspaper story said that land above Alameda Padre Serra was designated the "upper Riviera;" land below that was the "lower Riviera;" this group is credited with naming the area. Thirty acres of bare ground from which oaks had burned or were cut in the past were planted with oaks, acacias, peppers and eucalyptus for attractive homesites. The company laid out streets, naming them for early Spanish missionaries, and installed electricity underground. The first section to be developed was about one and one-third miles long and six blocks deep.

The Riviera Development Company stipulated that houses must cost at least $4,000; some cost $10,000. There were various advertising slogans in newspaper promotion in 1914, including one offering lots at "$25 a front foot, with all the advantages of a $60 neighborhood." Others stated that this residence park was "so planned that each site retains a permanent view," and it was "a combination of city and suburb with all the comforts of each."

Tract sales began in April, 1914. The first house built on Alameda Padre Serra is said to be that of the Reverend George H. Greenfield, 1538 Alameda Padre Serra, near Arguello Road, in 1915. Batchelder built his home at 1617 Paterna Road. Willis F. Kelly, another investor, chose a lot at "the bend in the road," 1111 Mission Ridge Road, where Las Alturas Road intersects, after buying 30 acres for division.

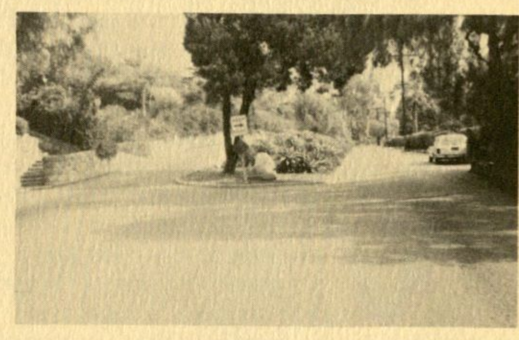
"Round the City Boulevard"

While Alameda Padre Serra was graded, some of it was not paved until June 4, 1925, when the Press announced that the last section of that street completed the "Round the City Boulevard," planned as a sightseeing attraction for tourists, and circling the city from the ocean front, to Montecito,

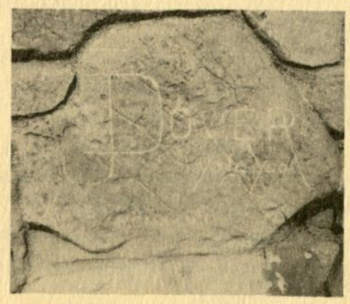
the Mission and Cliff Drive. The last strip stretched from Arguello Road (1538 Alameda Padre Serra) to the junction of Alameda Padre Serra, Sycamore Canyon Road, Salinas Street, King Albert Boulevard (now called Alameda Padre Serra also) and Montecito Street. This thoroughfare had been suggested in 1909.

This portion was particularly interesting to residents because it had a sloping center dividing strip west of the later site of Jefferson School, with greenery planted in it. Promoters of Round the City Boulevard had had visions of a wide "boulevard" with sidewalks, streetcar lines, vehicle ways and bridle paths for much of that 17-mile thoroughfare, but costly construction precluded that goal. The last stretch of Alameda Padre Serra cost $100,000.

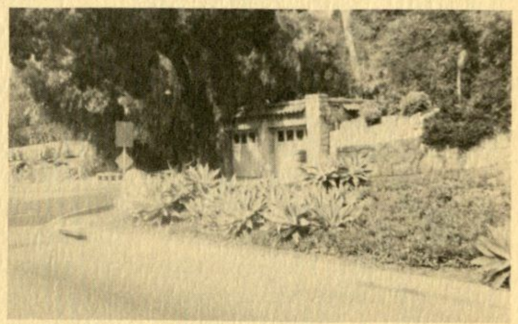
Development of this street was particularly costly because of its hillside location and rocky character. As soil was excavated on the Riviera acreage, rocks were set aside to be cut for beautiful retaining walls, many of them made by Joe Dover or Italian artisans under his supervision. At the corner of Dover Road and Alameda Padre Serra there is a stone "planter," with an accompanying carving, "JDover, Yo lo Yso," with dates 1917 and 1927. It is thought that Dover wrote "yso" incorrectly for "*hizo*," "he made," instead of "*heche*," "I made."



Divided portion of Alameda Padre Serra
Clarence Rouse



Joe Dover's monument, Alameda Padre Serra — Clarence Rouse



Stonework and planting, Alameda Padre Serra
Clarence Rouse

While the Riviera in many old-timers' minds is the region of the hill rising east of the Mission and extending as far as the 1200 block on Alameda Padre Serra, many persons viewing the hillside from downtown Santa Barbara are

inclined to call the Riviera the entire sweep down toward the five-points where Sycamore Canyon Road, Salinas and Montecito Streets intersect Alameda Padre Serra.

Las Alturas

This would include then "Las Alturas," developed primarily because William Gibbs McAdoo was attracted to Santa Barbara after meeting Postmaster Thomas M. Storke on an official visit here in 1918. Since World War I was over, in the winter of 1918-19 he resigned from his important government duties as Secretary of the Treasury and Director General of Railroads. He established a law practice and his home in Los Angeles, but came to Santa Barbara frequently because he was charmed by the area.

McAdoo became a friend of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his current wife, Mary Pickford, through his law practice, and they also visited the town. Fairbanks and McAdoo sought a view-tract of land for subdividing and for building their own homes, finding such an area on the eastern slopes of the Riviera, above Sycamore Canyon, which they named "Las Alturas," "The Heights." Storke joined them with one-quarter interest in the project. When friendship between McAdoo and the Fairbanks cooled, Doug sold his share to Storke, and so their projected "Pickfair" was never constructed here.

The subdivision first offered in August, 1923, did not have the fanfare which announced some other tracts, but a few items related the circumstances in local papers. The *Daily News* said that the sale was under the auspices of H. G. Chase, a local realtor, and W. W. Catlin, representing the Warren H. Kerr Company of Los Angeles. Mr. Catlin stated that it was the most beautiful home section he had ever handled, and "with the price which we have decided to ask for the various parcels, we know that the tract will not last long. . . . Home development of the best class will mark the next few months on Las Alturas."

By that time city water had been made available to each parcel and paved roads had been built through the subdivision. Shrubs had been set out and sewers and underground electric conduits installed. Clarence P. Day, a well-known landscape engineer, had plotted the tract into large homesites of approximately half-acre size. He pointed out that it could "be impossible for any of the future homes in Las Alturas to obstruct the view of its neighbors."

A story in the *Daily News* August 7 stated that while motoring over the scenic drives the day before, Mr. McAdoo had designated to Mr. Catlin the two lots he wished to reserve for future use.

On the day of the formal opening of the tract, August 12, 1923, "hundreds of people visited it." White-capped stakes set out to establish boundary lines helped prospective buyers visualize each lot's size and island and mountain scenic features. It was announced that several reservations had been made, but the lots did not sell as fast as anticipated.

The June, 1925, earthquake cooled interest in home establishment here, and the depression of the early 1930s left little money for residential construction. According to Storke, he sold his holdings thirty years later "at a substantial loss." But he says that "McAdoo eventually built a beautiful home among the liveoaks, where he spent many pleasant years" at 250 Las

Alturas Road. Other residences were constructed during building booms; unfortunately, some were destroyed in the 1977 Sycamore fire and had to be rebuilt.

The Loma Media Tract

Newspaper information about another east-Riviera tract that was developed in the late 1920s is elusive, but Henry Levy remembers that his father built a home on "Loma Media" in 1928 and the family moved in in January, 1929. Carleton Winslow was the architect of the Mediterranean-style house. Charles O. Middleton, a Los Angeles area friend of Ed Borein, was the developer. Parcels in this tract were medium-sized. The Levys' was about 90 by 145 feet. The lots were laid out randomly as topographically convenient on the hillside slope along winding Loma Media Road which leads upward from Alameda Padre Serra to Las Alturas Road. They offered sweeping views toward the ocean, the islands and westward.

Besides a good road and underground utilities, Middleton provided attractive amenities for the settlers there. At the intersection of Loma Media with what is now Roble Lane, he built a "lodge" or clubhouse and a caretaker's home. Loma Media tract owners could use the clubroom for entertaining their friends. There were also barbecue facilities on beautifully landscaped grounds, and artistic rockwork supporting a pergola-terrace farther up toward Las Alturas Road. Middleton lost unsold portions of the tract in the depression, and the open hillside did not develop rapidly until the building boom after World War II. Today the buildable portion is filled with homes. The Levys' residence burned in the Sycamore fire, but they rebuilt it.

The Riviera Association, a protective and improvement organization founded in 1930, has diligently attempted to maintain the high standards of home building advocated by the Riviera Company in its promotion of Mediterranean architecture and well landscaped and maintained properties.

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THE de FOREST FAMILY

By Stella Haverland Rouse*

The recent death of Mrs. Elizabeth Kellam de Forest left a void among the women influential in Santa Barbara's cultural and philanthropic life. The story of her activities cannot be told without reference to other members of the family, who, with her, were prominent in horticultural, artistic and cultural activities here for three-fourths of a century.

Lockwood de Forest, the elder, came to Santa Barbara as a widely known artist early in this century, visiting here and painting for many winter seasons. He came because Santa Barbara was "pictorially interesting, and the point preferred by his artist friends to any place on the Pacific coast."

He began showing his pictures here before 1906, for a reporter commented in the writeup of his 1906 showing that the exhibit seemed to indicate that he was more successful recently than previously in portraying Santa Barbara scenes, and his colors seemed to express better the complexion of this region. Tourists and townspeople admired his paintings of the Mission, the west beach and Castle Rock. There were other pictures of east coast scenes. There are records of other exhibits in 1909, 1912 and 1919, showing local places in varying moods.

Lockwood de Forest had studied in Rome in 1869, then in Egypt, Syria and Greece in the 1870s. He was interested not only in painting, but in wood carving, and in India promoted the revival of wood carving. His wood carvings won medals in England and at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, in 1893.

Mr. de Forest was "identified with the architectural and industrial side of almost every art," and also encouraged the promotion of art study, in such institutions as the Normal School in Santa Barbara. His motto was "art for everyone," and he sometimes studied dimestore "jewelry," finding it in good design, though poor in materials and workmanship.

He was an interesting man with whom to talk, although it was rather difficult to carry on a converstion, because he was somewhat deaf, and preferred not to use a hearing aid, although his wife, also deaf, used a "trumpet type" of earphone.

In the East he belonged to a number of artistic organizations, such as the New York Society of Craftsmen, and the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts.

Although Michael J. Phillips' "History of Santa Barbara County" states that Lockwood de Forest settled here in 1902, newspaper accounts for several years after that indicate that he came here for the winters, staying usually in some of the more select boarding houses or rental units in the general region above Alameda Park. Listing as a resident is first found in the 1915 City Directory, on East Islay Street. A few years later the de Forests were established in a large house at 1011 Laguna Street.

Frederick B. Kellam

Elizabeth Kellam de Forest's father, Frederick B. Kellam, was a prominent San Franciscan associated with the Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool, England. In 1922 he was promoted to the head office for North America in

*The editor is indebted to the Botanic Garden for use of the transcript of the Memorial Services for Mrs. de Forest.

New York City. After his 1929 retirement, he moved with his wife, Edith Bishop Kellam, to Santa Barbara. Their home was next to that of their daughter and son-in-law on Todos Santos Lane, Mission Canyon.

Mr. Kellam served in many organizations here. He was treasurer of the Music Committee of the Community Arts Association, secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Botanic Garden, and during World War II served on the Santa Barbara Draft Board. He died here September 10, 1953.

Lockwood de Forest, Landscape Architect

Lockwood de Forest, the artist's son, was born January 9, 1896, in New York City, and after his parents moved here was educated in the Thacher School in the Ojai Valley, and studied later at Williams College. He had special landscaping courses at Harvard and the University of California.

When he began his professional career in Santa Barbara, he worked with the prominent landscape architect Ralph T. Stevens, and then became an independent landscape architect. One of his early projects was the Wright Ludington estate. The innovative, attractive and artistic qualities of his work gained him a high place in the landscape field, and many garden periodicals and books on garden design featured photographs of his projects. Many beautiful Montecito and Santa Barbara estates still have the earmarks of his original work in the 1920s.

He was a volunteer with the 144th Field Artillery in World War I, and served with the camouflage section of the Army in World War II.

He taught at the Santa Barbara State College and was an advisor for Santa Barbara city and county planning. I was privileged to be enrolled in a rewarding night school course taught by Lockwood de Forest for aspiring young landscape architects and homeowners in the early 1940s. He recommended a wonderful, useful book on subtropical plants for this region. His suggestions for landscaping were practical, with assignments to make detailed plans for our gardens, which worked in reality as well as on paper, with attractive results.

In the early 1940s he was a familiar figure, spinning about town in his two-seated "hot rod," a museum piece, upholstered with buffalo hide.

Lockwood de Forest died March 30, 1949, after a short illness. After his death, his widow and Richard Brimer, who had studied landscape architecture under him, completed his unfinished commissions. Since then Mrs. de Forest has continued to work as a garden consultant.

He was very much involved with the development of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art, because of two boyhood friends, Buell Hammett and Wright Ludington. He designed the landscaping at its founding. Shortly before his death he made drawings for beautification of the front of the old Postoffice site. After his death the plans were followed in developing a memorial to him, to which his friends contributed. It is the present retaining wall carried up to the level of the terrace, to replace a bare slope where grass was trampled by young people. A concrete bench incorporated into the wall furnishes seats for waiting bus passengers at the corner of Anapamu and State Streets.

Elizabeth Kellam de Forest

Elizabeth Kellam de Forest was born in San Francisco February 19, 1898.

She died March 7, 1984, leaving two sons, Lockwood IV of Sydney, Australia, and Kellam of Beverly Hills. After attending Miss Hamlin's School in San Francisco, she earned her Bachelor's Degree at Vassar, and her Master's Degree at Stanford University. She came as the bride of Lockwood de Forest in time to have the June, 1925, earthquake destroy their wedding gifts.

The Santa Barbara Gardener

The Plans and Planting Branch of the Community Arts Association gave Lockwood $25 to produce the first issue of *The Santa Barbara Gardener*. At that time there were no gardening columns in southern California newspapers, nor did periodicals contain regional gardening information. Mrs. de Forest assisted in its production.

The material in the monthly publication was so reliable, informative and timely that it became a popular publication, with advertising and subscriptions providing sufficient income for its production. Articles were written by authoritative horticulturists and by the de Forests on such subjects as plants, roses, lawns, hedges, walls, brick paths, etc. The magazine was published from late 1925 to 1942, when Lockwood went into the service during World War II. By that time other publications were supplying information for avid gardeners.

La Purisima Mission

Harold Kirker of the Santa Barbara Trust for Historic Preservation recounted at the Memorial Service for Mrs. de Forest at the Museum of Art that her favorite regional historical project was the restoration of La Purisima Mission. With her daily contact with the Santa Barbara Mission as she passed from her home in Mission Canyon to town, she developed a deep appreciation of the Padres' accomplishments here, and contributed greatly to efforts to retain and restore an early phase of Santa Barbara county history in La Purisima Mission.

The American Women's Voluntary Services

Many of the activities in which Elizabeth de Forest participated were connected with Lockwood's interest, and so when he went to war in the camouflage section of the Army in 1942, she devoted much time to work with the American Women's Voluntary Services, which provided a "snack bar" for service men on lower State Street, and undertook occasional entertainment for them. This connection led to her interest in housing for veterans through the AWVS at Hoff Heights.

A surplus of money in the AWVS fund for canteens, after the war was over, and a small fund entrusted to the Neighborhood House, provided the incentive for the American Women's Voluntary Services to furnish housing for elderly citizens on East De la Guerra Street. The center opened in 1952 with 14 units costing $5,000 each and renting for $32.50, including utilities. By 1977 other foundations and individuals had contributed funds for units, and there were forty-three apartments available at $50 each.

Mrs. de Forest contributed her expertise in supervising the landscaping of the Senior Citizens' housing project from the beginning until her death. In

with the Mount Vernon project. After her appointment, she quickly reorganized the accounting system there. But her greatest interest was in the garden and grounds. In 1983 she created the Lamont Garden at the new Ann Pamela Cunningham Building on the grounds of Mount Vernon. Her book, *George Washington and Grounds at Mount Vernon,* published in 1983, became a best seller at Mount Vernon.

The Santa Barbara Museum of Art

Mrs. de Forest's interest in her husband's pursuits led not only to development of her connections in the field of horticulture and licensing as a landscape architect by the state of California, but also away from her earlier English and psychology bents, to the field of art. After her husband's death she served as trustee of the Santa Barbara Museum of Art for 33 years. She was its seventh president. Robert M. Jones, president of the Museum of Art, said that she was a "very direct person," with high standards, who made "a lot of footprints at the Museum and in all of Santa Barbara."

Vassar College

Jean Storke Menzies paid tribute to Elizabeth de Forest as a loyal alumna of Vassar College. She was a co-founder with Mrs. Menzies of the Vassar Club of Santa Barbara thirty years ago, and was a staunch supporter of the club's annual book sale for the scholarship fund.

Alice Keck Park Memorial Garden

One of the last local projects with which Mrs. de Forest was connected was as supervising landscape designer in the creation of the public park opposite Alameda Park, and on the former El Mirasol Hotel property. The "anonymous donor" of Alice Keck Park Memorial Garden asked that she perform this duty, and she was recommended by the Botanic Garden board to assist with the design of a park similar in feel to that of the Botanic Garden using suitable rare and common horticultural materials. She worked on this project with Grant Castleberg, landscape architect and Santa Barbara resident for 19 years.

In all her capacities she was an assertive, energetic and dedicated participant. One might say that Elizabeth de Forest was an environmentalist long before that word became such a significant one. She had a love for it, both physical and social, according to her son, Lockwood. The Reverend George Hall, retired rector of All Saints by the Sea Episcopal Church, said that she was a woman with a great soul, who "taught that the environment that lives in you creates the environment in which you live."

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September, 1977, Santa Barbara Beautiful selected the landscaping and maintenance of the buildings and grounds at the Senior Center for its August-September award. As head of the gardens committee of the "rainbow cottages," Mrs. de Forest solicited the aid of many interested persons in developing an attractive environment through artistic planting of trees and shrubs.

Elizabeth de Forest enhanced many Santa Barbara organizations by her membership in them. A year after moving here, she joined the Garden Club of Santa Barbara and Montecito. There she revealed, according to Anne Jones, who spoke at the Memorial Service for her, "a love of gardens and all growing things." She was generous with her time in supplying garden information to members. In recent years she deplored the inclination of some newer members to accept advice of nurserymen to plant commonly used ground covers and other shrubbery instead of utilizing more attractive and suitable, but perhaps slightly more challenging plantings.

Botanic Garden Interests

Dr. Katherine Muller, director emeritus of the Santa Barbara Botanic Garden, recounted that Elizabeth de Forest came to the board of trustees at about the same time that she was appointed director, in 1950. Mrs. de Forest assumed the position from a long tradition, for her father had been one of the founding trustees, and Lockwood had served on the advisory council and the board.

By that time she was well versed in native garden plants and their requirements. "She assumed the chairmanship of the grounds committee with energy and enthusiasm," and spent much time walking the paths and studying the landscape potential. She recognized the great value of the garden as a community attraction.

In a more personal way, she "had an unusual ability to evaluate the work of the craftsman and the tradesman of horticulture." She was a friendly person, who stopped to speak to the volunteers at the information windows, and to exchange pleasantries with them.

Contributions to UCSB

Although Mrs. de Forest was busy professionally as a garden consultant, she found time to share her knowledge with both neighbors and organizations. According to Dr. Robert Huttenback, Chancellor of UCSB, "her interest and expertise in architecture and landscaping provided invaluable resources to those charged with building the new campus."

With a great interest in books and library matters, she was a founding member of the Friends of the UCSB Library. She contributed books and other material to it, and was active in its projects. She attended the annual Friends' dinner only a few weeks before her death, providing an interesting evening's sociability to those seated at her table.

The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association

Mrs. Douglas Williams, vice regent from New York, of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, recounted Elizabeth de Forest's involvement since 1957

with the Mount Vernon project. After her appointment, she quickly reorganized the accounting system there. But her greatest interest was in the garden and grounds. In 1983 she created the Lamont Garden at the new Ann Pamela Cunningham Building on the grounds of Mount Vernon. Her book, *George Washington and Grounds at Mount Vernon,* published in 1983, became a best seller at Mount Vernon.

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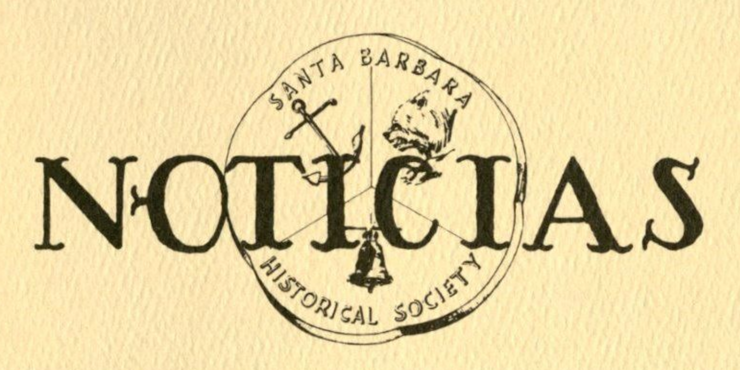
OUR NEXT PARTY:

The Santa Barbara Historical Society will observe Saint Barbara's Day Sunday, December 2. Invitations will be mailed to members.

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Mme Maria Kedrina in Russian Empress costume — Mrs. Tamara Usher

Vol. XXX, No. 3 **Fall, 1984**



Lydia Witmer, left, and her sister, Mme Kedrina — Mrs. Tamara Usher

MADAME MARIA KEDRINA

By Henry Kleine*

On a hot July morning in 1970 I stood just inside the door of the diminutive St. Vladimar's Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic Church on Castillo Street. It was thronged with mourners and more were arriving by the moment. We earlier arrivals retreated farther into the sanctuary. Smoke from votive candles rose fragrantly but undisturbed in the silent, sunny room. Friends greeted each other in hushed voices with a nod or fleeting smile.

Services for Madame Maria Kedrina began at 10 o'clock. The casket was wheeled through the door and we crowded closer together. In the center of the room it stopped beside me and as I viewed the still, peaceful figure, my thoughts turned back more than forty years to my sister's long affiliation with Madame Kedrina. Dorothy, my sister, was among Kedrina's first students of Russian ballet here.

Another former student, Roxanne Grant Lapidus, spoke for all Santa Barbarans in her "Tribute to Madame Kedrina" in the *News-Press* July 19, 1970: "With the passing of Maria Kedrina last Monday, Santa Barbara lost one of its most gifted inhabitants, and one who contributed more to its artistic life than perhaps any other single person. No one who had ever seen one of Maria Kedrina's annual ballet programs at the Lobero Theater can ever forget what a unique experience each was, and what a magnificent flowering of costumes, dances, drama and decor emanated from the stage on those nights. . . . For those students, the years at 122 East Arrellaga had a lasting effect. The discipline was strict and praise hard-earned. Those who responded to that challenge felt a strong bond with each other and with the teacher who forced them to surpass themselves. This influence continues to be felt. . . .

"Characters as well as bodies were strengthened by the demanding years of Madame Kedrina and the lives of those who shared in this unique experience continue to be enriched by the sense of artistry instilled in them by Maria Kedrina."

Maria Peltzig was born August 22, 1890 in the city of Tallin, Estonia, then part of Russia. She spent her girlhood in the Crimea at the port of Sevastopol. Her father, Colonel Michel Peltzig of the Imperial Russian Army, had been transferred there. And it was there, later, that Maria would marry Captain Venceslas N. Kedrin of the Imperial Navy.

Maria's parents were anxious that their two daughters have the opportunity to pursue their respective careers. Arrangements were made to enroll them in the Petrograd Imperial Theater School. Lydia, the talented older sister, entered the Royal Conservatory of Music to further her voice career and Maria joined the Imperial Ballet School. The two sisters at first stayed with an aunt and later shared a room in a big stone house near the school.

Maria's Early Ballet Training

In the Ballet School were two great ballet masters, Marius Petipa and Christian Johansson. They guarded the great traditions of the School. Petipa had worked on the stage for fifty years at the Imperial Theater and enriched it with French elegance and personal good taste as head of the entire ballet.

*Henry Kleine is a long-time Santa Barbara resident who taught music in the schools of the Santa Ynez Valley for many years. He has contributed several stories to *Noticias*.

Johansson conducted classes in "perfection," working with only the most accomplished dancers of both sexes.

Students there, in addition to their "major interest," received instruction in academic subjects such as history, mathematics, French, geography, etc. Specialized non-academic studies were well-taught in fencing, gymnastics, music: choice of violin or piano (Maria chose piano), character acting, mime-dancing, staging and costumes. The latter entailed emphasis on authenticity of period and geographic accuracy. (This intensive training explains how Kedrina, in applying it, achieved such colorful stages at the Lobero.)

Academic subjects in the school were often neglected, especially when the students began participating in theatrical productions. Rehearsals and performances seriously interfered with students' study-time. Life in the theater was so exhausting that the administration was not too severe with students who failed to attend to their studies and homework.

In an interview with Verne Linderman of the *News-Press* in February of 1953, Maria referred to her training: "We were expected to do quite a bit of acting." The dance training and pantomiming was an obvious carry-over in Maria's productions here, for there never was a "dead spot" in whatever was being presented. "We had our own cafeteria at the theater . . . artists, dancers, singers and conductors . . . all ate together. It was my best school! Without it I could never have accomplished what I did here!"

Maria was fortunate to have had her dance training occur at a time when the synthesis of French, Italian and Russian influences had already amalgamated.

The classical dance, as developed by the French and Italians, did not become popular until the nineteenth century. Many changes were occurring in opera, acting and concepts of music and orchestration, staging and sets and costuming, and the rise of "realism" became dominant in all theater work. Dancers from outside Russia began circulating and brought changes in technical concepts. Once transplanted to Russian soil, and because of the spirit and spiritual essence of Russian dancers, the ballet as a whole took on new and distinctive colorations. Russia's contribution to the development of choreography was so great that it was Russia which thereafter became known as the birthplace of ballet.

Madame Kedrina learned well the principles of the Russian school. The style did not allow, nor accept slovenliness or careless execution. The chief characteristic is an extreme firmness of the line, whether of the back, the legs or the instep. There is a concentrated reserve — perhaps even a sublime haughtiness involved. Like Didelot and Petipa, Kedrina, too, believed that everything began in the classroom with the various "techniques." And it also meant working closely with the accompanist, or composer, in defining musical interpretation, phrase and tempi involved with the spirit of the total composition.

Kedrina had excellent training from staff ballet masters. As a senior, she studied under the famed Mme Claudia Koulichevskaia, the teacher of Anna Pavlowa and Tamara Karsavina. Soon she was engaged to dance with the Civic Theater. There, Czar Nicholas II had organized a "ten-cent opera for the people." This resulted in performances that changed daily, adding roles



Mme Maria Kedrina in Russian peasant costume Mrs. Tamara Usher

to dance repertoires for everyone's enrichment. Such regimen required great physical, mental and artistic demands in concentration and stamina during the season.

About 1912, the great Nijinski, unsurpassed dancer and innovator at the time, was on tour in Paris and London. His famous ballet versions of "Petroushka," "Spector of the Rose" and *"L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune"* had added to his fame. The latter ballet created a furor, causing audiences to walk out of performances because of the implied "excessive eroticism." Nijinski wrote to his sister, Bronislava, in Petrograd, to "send some dancers" to join him in London.

Her Work With Nijinski

Kedrina was among those chosen to dance in the touring company of Nijinski. She was also selected as a soloist — now a full-fledged premiere ballerina! In a talk she delivered to the Community Arts' Players Club in May, 1944, she told them, "Nijinski was already too unbalanced to direct his dancers in choreography . . . he would spend hours teaching his dancers a routine, and the next day he'd demand to know 'why they were dancing that way?'" Poor Nijinski would suffer from schizophrenia for the rest of his life!

Mme Kedrina had promised the Director of the theater in Petrograd that she would return after fulfilling her commitment to Nijinski. But in 1914, on the way back from London, troops were already crossing the frontier. By July, World War I had started in Serbia, and Maria's father had gone to war. It was in 1915 that she married Captain Kedrin. At the time Captain Kedrin was in the Signal Corps and commander of Aviation in Sevastopol. He had supervised the installation of "wireless" (radio) in all of the Russian ships on the Black Sea.

France at that time was also involved in a similar venture and Prime Minister Poincaire invited Kedrin to supervise the installation of radios in the French Navy. He completed it successfully and for this received the order of *"Officier du Legion d'Honneur."* He was a man of many talents and interests.

In the arts he especially excelled in poetry and ballet. At Columbia University's Center of Russian and Historical Archives Kedrin's works on the "Philosophy of Esthetics," biographical materials and three volumes of Russian poetry are preserved.

Verne Linderman's 1953 interview with Madame in the *News-Press* quotes her: "At first, when the Russian Revolution started, we tried to sit it out (in Sevastopol) . . . to do what we could to help the country. I took a course in first aid and rolled bandages . . . helping in any way. But when the Bolsheviks came to power . . . officers were being killed right and left. We decided then, all except my mother who would not leave, to go to America and join Lydia who had married an American airman."

In Petrograd, where Madame was to have returned, the city almost seemed divided. The Czarist regime was still functioning. The Karensky and Bolshevist governments were each vying to take over the weakened Czarist government. The stately old Imperial city presented little change in appearance. Officials were still in their uniforms; the opera and ballet carried on as before, as did parties in clubs and restaurants. Across the city, however, in the Bolshevik Soviet at Smolny Institute, workers and soldiers were bent under the weight of distributing newspapers, proclamations and printed propaganda.

On November 6, 1917, the Bolshevists struck — with almost a bloodless coup. Telegrams went out immediately from city to city and the villages, announcing the transfer of power — which sparked local uprisings everywhere with much bloodletting. Banks closed and food shortages brought on chaos. Bread was rationed at one ounce per day per person! "White Russians" and the defeated "White Army" fled the country in fear for their lives.

Departure for America

It was in this contextual background that Maria, Venceslas, her husband and Colonel Peltzig, her father, were impelled to leave for America. Maria's mother refused to leave with them. Not daring to show the military their personal papers, they disguised themselves as entertainers. Maria, dressed in a peasant girl's costume as a dancer, and the men playing their parts as "musicians," were able to obtain permission to travel to the front to "entertain" the troops. They survived the long and dangerous journey of nearly 6,000 miles across Russia and China to Vladivostok, where they embarked for Japan.

There the group obtained passage to San Francisco where Madame's sister, Lydia Witmer, had preceded them by several years. Maria and her group, with their few belongings, wished to continue on to the East. And so began another 3,000-mile journey to Boston. No sooner had they arrived when they heard "more shooting. We were terribly nervous when we heard the shots, and we said to one another 'They are taking the station!' They were vastly relieved, Kedrina remembered, when someone made it clear that Boston's 'shooting' was only 'pretend,' to celebrate the Fourth of July!" (Verne Linderman, *News-Press*, 2-10-1953.)

"Kedrina's husband went to Washington to work for the War Trade Board, while she opened her dance studio in Boston's Commonwealth Avenue. Soon her father and husband returned to Russia to fight, but it was in the unsuccessful Allied Expedition of 1920, and both came sadly back to Boston. After seven years of successful teaching in Boston, they were persuaded to join Lydia and her husband in Santa Barbara. Here, the Witmers said, would be an ideal place to teach dancing. They soon became a part of life here and almost forgot the tragedy of those earlier years."

Early Years in Santa Barbara

The heading of the 1926 playbill read as follows: "The School of the Arts [A branch of the Community Arts Association] Announces Exercises to Commemorate the Completion of the New School Building at 916 Santa Barbara Street, at the School of the Arts, January 21, 22, 23, 1926." There were addresses by the president of the Community Arts Association, Samuel Ilsley, and the director of the School of the Arts, Frank Morley Fletcher.

Program: "The School of the Arts String Ensemble, directed by Antoni van der Voort (opened) with two musical selections. . . . ." Members of the ensemble: Evelyn Blauvelt, Robert Edwards, Margaret Ellison, Gertrude van Genabeck, Fred Greenough, Irene Geus, Ruth Hurst, Leota Lanter, Angelina Rossi, Roy Smallwood, Evelyn Spence and Harold van der Voort.

This was also "Madame Kedrina's very first public program in Santa Barbara and was, in part, a demonstration performed by . . . students of Kedrina's Russian Ballet: Betty Jane Loomis, Erina Witmer, Jesse Anchordoquy, Frances Kerrigan, Helen Proclov, Vanceslas Ougroof (Mr. Kedrin), Luzzelle Willis, Ann Haider, Jesse Griffen, Virginia Cushman, Claire Chichester, Martha Foster, Alice Layman, Dorothy Kleine, C. Harkoff, Margaret Fuller, M. Peltzig (Mme Kedrina) and Charles Tippner. Grace Kaplun was at the piano.

Included in the program were: "two songs by Madeline Connell, with pianist Alida Pederson. Also, G. B. Shaw's 'The Dark Lady of the Sonnets,' which represented the Drama branch of the School. . . . Cast members were Claire Ayles, Maude Morley Fletcher, Ian Wolfe (Director), and Rosewell A. Neal."

Kedrina's First Ballet Here

Some six months later there appeared in the *Morning Press* (7-24-1926) an announcement of "the first presentation in Santa Barbara of a Russian ballet conducted by Madame Kedrina."

The Saturday afternoon performance at the Lobero included "work with a number of students in a tableau for children: 'The Frolicsome Zephyr' in several nursery rhymes. There were several divertissements; also performed was the second act of Delibes' 'Coppelia' that featured the dancing of Madame Kedrina . . . rich in costumes and pantomime." (Here the over-enthusiastic reporter misstated that it was "the first 'Coppelia' ever danced in America." Actually, it had been performed by the American Opera of New York as early as March 11, 1887. Mme Kedrina's "Coppelia," however, was thoroughly enjoyed by an enthusiastic audience.) "The performance was a benefit for the American Legion Auxiliary Endowment bed for the St. Francis Hospital.

"Madame gave a number of pantomimes and characterizations. . . . All were beautifully executed and easily understood. . . . The group of children from her studio displayed a remarkable sense of rhythm which should always be a part of Russian dancing . . . the settings and costumes were vivid and colorful. . . . The music was played by a quartet: Grace Kaplun, piano, Antoni van der Voort, violin; Harry Kaplun, cello, and John Sievers, clarinet." (Names of the dancers were those of Kedrina's students who had performed at the School of the Arts in January.)

The Miniature Ballet Company, 1928-30

"At a meeting last night at the School of the Arts, permanent organization of the Miniature Ballet Company was perfected, making Santa Barbara the only city in America that sponsors the ballet as a distinct art.

"Madame Kedrina has consented to direct the ballet company without pay. Mrs. Frank Morley Fletcher is very much interested in the proposed work of the organization. . . ."

The organization, which began with this announcement, attracted a large number of both boys and girls in a wide age span. Though the Miniature Ballet's existence was rather brief, it achieved a number of artistic successes on local stages. Its short life may have been due to the Great Depression, or to other factors that only Maria would know about. Along with the great number of participants and their difficulty in adapting to Madame's stern discipline, she may have found it impossible to lower her standards. It most likely fell to her regular students of the studio to provide the artistry of performance that was so uniquely Kedrina's mark of perfect professionalism in her productions.

"The first presentation of the Miniature Ballet took place at the Lobero Theater on April 27, 1928, in the evening, and on Saturday afternoon of

the 28th. An appreciative audience attended, which applauded again and again the graceful dancers, pantomimes . . . their plots along with . . . colorful costumes and sets. The Clerbois Trio provided accompaniment. . . ."

"In the Persian atmosphere of the Samarkand Hotel on August 31, 1928, a small but appreciative audience greeted the Miniature Ballet Company. Grace Kaplun accompanied the dancers. . . . Victor Janssen's dance orchestra played for dancing afterward."

Morning Press, April 28, 1929: (The) "first anniversary program of the Miniature Ballet was performed in the Auditorium of the State Teachers College. It was sponsored by the College's Art Department, Mary Croswell, head. It was attended by a fair-sized and appreciative audience. The Van der Voort Student Ensemble played the accompaniment."

The Miniature Ballet Company traveled to Los Angeles on May 11, 1929, to assist in the American Premiere performance of "Ivan Czarevich," a ballet in two acts. Based on the famous Russian fairy tale and sponsored by the Los Angeles Russian Community, it was performed at the Windsor Theater at Wilshire and Lucerne. Mrs. Phelan, piano accompanist for Kedrina, mentioned in an interview that the "rather large orchestra and its conductor had to 'follow' her piano accompaniment during the dances that were performed by the Miniature Ballet." Without available rehearsal time with orchestral accompaniment, the conductor and Mrs. Phelan solved tempi and rhythmical problems by Mrs. Phelan giving strong down beats with her head for music phrasing. The conductor followed her precise movements with everything going off without a "hitch."

News-Press, 2-12-1930: "The Miniature Ballet Company, Mme Kedrina, director, entertained at supper Wednesday evening for Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi, following their dance concert at the Lobero. . . . The supper was given in the home of Mrs. Charles C. Witmer on Estrella Drive in Hope Ranch." (Mrs. Witmer was the sister of Mme Kedrina.)

The last formal presentation of the Miniature Ballet was at the Lobero Theater on June 11, 1930: "The Madame Kedrina Studio and members of the Miniature Ballet offered as charming a ballet program as one could hope from young pupils . . . The dances were composed by Mme Kedrina, as were the pantomimes. Dudley Carpenter designed the settings; Hildegarde Diehl designed the costumes for the 'Last Sonnet.' Kedrina designed the rest of the sets. Accompanist was Leontine Phelan. The huge audience overflowed to standing room in the foyer."

Russian Ballet's Success

By such modest successes as these in the early years here, it is apparent that the steady improvement of Kedrina's dancers and programs had had an impact on audiences and reviewers. Support and recognition of Russian ballet was imminently close to Santa Barbara audiences.

After Diaghilev died, De Basil, the Cossack colonel, revived the Ballet Russe. Aided by Rene Blum of the Monte Carlo Casino, De Basil inherited the sets, costumes and precious ballet relics from storerooms and trunks. He also acquired the Russian soul of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe with four of the great choreographers and their repertories: Fokine, Balanchine, Massine and

Nijinski's sister, Bronislava. The company, then rejuvenated, embarked on whirlwind tours in Europe and England where they played to sold-out theaters.

Despite the renaissance of the Ballet Russe in Europe during the 1930s, Russian ballet was still rather an unknown art form in America. As late as 1933 the Ballet Russe played to a nearly empty St. James Theater in New York. America didn't know what ballet was! Sol Hurok, impressario without peer in the 1930s and later, did much to cultivate audiences everywhere.

Is it not fortunate that Santa Barbarans already had in their midst Maria Kedrina to introduce Russian ballet here, ten years before it became a popular art form in New York? How lonely her professional struggle must have been! She persevered, and from 1926 onward her productions and presentations, some for benefits of various organizations during peacetime and war, displayed a professionalism beyond belief. Reviews took on rave notices, thus ensuring an ever-growing popularity for theatergoers and ballet buffs alike.

And how she did work! How many times did her programs state that librettos, choreography, costumes, sets and even the music had all been designed and arranged by Maria. She worked closely with the stage electricians and learned how to obtain the desired effects — every aspect of theater productions was her professional mark. It has been estimated that over 2,000 students had passed through her studios. Each was enriched by the experience. Unfortunately, few of them have gone on to become professionals.

Maria mentioned to Verne Linderman for the *News-Press* that (her) "students usually marry. But she had hopes that Patricia Sparrow, Felix Smith and Henry Kersh would achieve fame. The later began his instruction with Kedrina at age fourteen and is a premiere danseur with the Canadian Arts Festival." Unfortunately, Patricia Sparrow died here in March of 1975, five years after Madame Kedrina.

Tamara (Cerio) Ussher was also one of Madame's gifted students. They traveled to Paris together in 1959 to study with Mme Olga Prebrokenska. Tamara also studied with Paul Goube, premiere dancer with the Paris Opera. Both Paris teachers were impressed with Tamara's ballet preparations and foundations and paid tribute to Madame Kedrina. Tamara is now Artistic Director with the Santa Barbara Ballet Company, an up-and-coming local professional touring group. The Santa Barbara Ballet Company's studio is located at 122 E. Arrellaga, Maria's long-time studio.

Kedrina's War Relief Work

Even as World War I ended, Maria, in Boston, busied herself in the War Relief program. Here in Santa Barbara, years later, she was again engaged in collecting hundreds of articles of warm clothing for war refugees. She and her friends washed, sorted and delivered the items to the overseas distributors.

In the early months of World War II, Maria was chosen block warden by her neighbors. Along with them, she organized the various emergency controls for her square block, including the day and nighttime lonely air watches.

About this time, Maria also conducted a folk dancing class at Recreation



Mme Kedrina and a student Mrs. Tamara Usher

Center. It was a very large evening class that performed many of the spirited dances of European nations.

It is not feasible here to enumerate the names of students that appeared on the hundreds of programs during Maria's spectacular professional career. By utilizing, however, some of the memories, or vignettes from just a few of her older, ex-students, further insights into Maria's personality, interests and talents emerge.

Epilogue

In the crowded, warm church, the services progressed with lovely a cappella singing. The rise and fall of unison, harmony and antiphonal voices echoed the ordaining of man's hope for blessedness and peace.

The petite, blue-eyed blonde with unquenchable dynamism for her art touched us in many ways. Memories, thoughts and poignant visions surely

interject rampantly. Who can describe in common words such a kaleidoscope of individual impressions and memories of this tiny ballerina? A few tried:

"Clapping her hands to stop the music, she runs across the stage to place a few bodies and their limbs into graceful positions. . . . 'You see? You see? Don't hurry! Go back to the beginning. Move!' Kedrina runs to the piano. Leaning over the accompanist's shoulder, she holds her lorgnette to peer down at the music. 'There is the ritard. Make it slower yet! They must have time to assume the picture-pose!' She again claps her hands and there is a flurry of action as the dancers take position."

Kedrina's Working Garb

"Maria, after twelve hours in the studio, was still in ballet slippers and the little dimity dance-dress she wore those years ago. It had a fitted midriff,low neck, puffed sleeves and a full skirt which was long enough to cover the hips. The neckline and sleeves were edged with lace beading through which ribbon was threaded. She often changed the colors of ribbon in the threading. (All of her students wore this type of garment in those years.)

"She was slowly stirring the soup she had made for the captain and herself. They talked about the day's events. She then smiled and listened as Captain Kedrin read a verse he had composed — in the Russian language."

An ex-student of years ago remembers Maria's encouragement, "You must choose a story for the libretto for your original ballet; select the music carefully, choreograph it according to your characters in the story; the pantomiming must make sense. You must design your costumes (make sketches) and sets — and most important — produce it." Such was Kedrina's ability to inspire and convey her art.

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"I learned most from Maria's knowledge and expertise in costuming. She researched everything regarding the accuracy of the period being depicted. Material, textures, color-shading, style, trimmings, everything was duplicated as closely as possible. . . . She used geometry in estimating how much material would be required to properly fit her different-sized dancers. She supervised the cutting of patterns, fittings, sewing, and the finished costume had to be of the highest quality. . . . She often purchased and paid for the materials herself."

Her Teaching Techniques

"I could not believe that Mary could perform on stage with such professional elan. The reason? All of Madame's work was thoroughly rehearsed. The small children learned their parts so well that they no longer had to think of the steps but could enjoy their dances as a game. Children's smiles came from the joy and happiness of dancing which lent an air of spontaneity to natural action. Kedrina kept them as playful, enjoyable children, not as miniature adults.

"When Kedrina first came to Santa Barbara in 1925, she was very hard to work with. She was very demanding and would yell at the accompanist as well as the students. A lot of them couldn't take it. I took her as she was

and did what she told me to do. We got along fine — otherwise I wouldn't have been there for fifteen or sixteen years. Believe me, she did fantastic work here in Santa Barbara!

"I ran across some programs here. Haven't looked at them for years! So many of them were benefits for this, that, or something else. She did a lot of good work outside her studio. She was a little difficult to get acquainted with — you couldn't get close to her. Yet, and yet, she and I became very close. Because we were practically the same age, I guess. I'm ninety-one now. I still keep up my music, practice a little bit every day.

"At Easter time Madame used to make some kind of a Russian thing out of cottage cheese. She used gobs of cottage cheese and pressed all the milk out of it. Then she'd mold it into a figure of something. She sweetened it and it was delicious. Come Easter time she always had a dish of that for me.

"She was very good with little children — very gentle with the small ones, who adored her. The older ones, if they didn't do what she wanted, she told them about it! And they never forgot it! Sometimes there'd be tears — over the way a costume was improperly made. But mostly dancing — or not paying attention." (Interview with Mrs. Robert Phelan, longtime accompanist for Madame Kedrina.)

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"Madame's extraordinary creative powers in her teaching and performance successes reflected her stringent discipline. A perfectionist, she imposed perfection upon her dancers. Not always popular with older students, her dynamism sometimes overwhelmed them. Her teaching devices and techniques were limitless; she believed in 'showing how it's done.' To demonstrate the exact needed effect of execution, she could, in pantomime, change herself into a small, innocent child or into a flirtatious tart in the speed of a wink!"

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"Kedrina's training she transferred to her students. Involved with interpretive movements whether in solo, *pas de deux* or ensemble, she believed in the truths of her art derived from her training and insisted her young people do the same. The process often evoked tears of frustration for those who felt they lacked the skills to interpret what was demanded of them. In the end, with newly-found confidence from small successes, they found they could respond more positively the 'next' time."

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"I was too young at three to have many early memories of Madame. But I never outgrew the feeling of excitement which came over me upon entering the studio. (1935?) I'd dash upstairs and change into a white cotton, slip-like dress with a flounce that came to my knees, some bloomer-like panties and ballet slippers. When Madame came into the barre room where we waited, we would individually take her hand, curtsy and say, 'How do you do, Madame Kedrina?'

"Her classes were strict, with no nonsense. She could be an intimidating little figure marching around the room tapping a cane to the music. She

pushed our toes into a more neat fifth position, lifted a leg higher or straightened an arm.

"We did a recital once in Ojai. I arrived at the theater car-sick, as usual. I ran into the theater and threw up back stage. I was mortified. But Madame was so kind, she acted as if nothing had happened and told me to get ready for dress rehearsal.

"I didn't want to get my pink toe shoes scuffed, so I put on my old ones (black). We barely got into rehearsal when Madame clapped her hands, stopping the music. She came to me and asked where my pink shoes were — the other girls had theirs on. I imagine her biggest fear was that I hadn't brought them. I explained that I was saving them — for the performance.

"Had I been older, I'd have gotten to know Madame better — as my mother did. But I'm grateful for the experience: the music, the discipline, recitals and the joy and fun of being her pupil."

A Disciplinarian

"When I began ballet lessons at ten, I was older than most of the beginners. Madame, too, was a little older than I expected when she opened the big red door. Little did I know that so much discipline, vitality and energy could emerge from the diminutive figure who greeted me.

"From the beginning I knew she was a tough disciplinarian. The dress code was strictly enforced: black leotard, pink tights and black ballet. In classical ballet every part of the body and sometimes the mind had to be 'in perfect position.' Madame, even in large-attended classes, would never allow an arm, leg or toe or even a finger to be out of alignment. An accompanist played for the exercises to allow for much repetition. — I loved the Chopin waltzes.

"It was after Madame retired, when I was seeking a dance instructor for my daughter that I realized she could never be replaced. She gave us rare gifts: of discipline, perfection, confidence in ourselves and a love for dance and music. Each year on the stage at the Lobero, these gifts were obvious in our performances.

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"Before Madame Kedrina came to Santa Barbara, she had been teaching a girl in Boston who was very talented. After Madame moved here in 1925, the girl and her family moved here also in order to continue studying with her. The girl's parents were very 'pushy' about the girl's dancing ability. The mother would attend class lessons, making remarks and suggestions to her daughter, scolding her and keeping time to the music.

"I had been taught a particular dance by Kedrina; it was the same dance the girl had learned from Madame in Boston. I was scheduled to perform it at the Samarkand Hotel, August 31, 1928, in one of the first of the Miniature Ballet's performances.

"The pushy mother and father were exceedingly jealous of their daughter's dance repertoire, and were furious when they learned I was to dance that particular oriental dance instead of their daughter. They threatened Madame Kedrina that they would pull me off the stage if I was allowed to dance it! Of course I knew nothing about this until long afterward. I could hardly believe it!

"Kedrina told me (later) that she informed the parents that she, Kedrina, reserved the right to teach any dance to whomever she chose. Furthermore, to insure that the dance would 'go on,' Madame had engaged two security officers to restrain the distracted parents if necessary!

"About a year before her death, I visited Kedrina who recalled the incident. She then paid me a cherished compliment: that I 'had danced that particular dance better than anyone else!'"

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"Verne Linderman once wrote in the *News-Press* that Maria 'had the alchemy of a piquant child-likeness in her nature and appearance, with her natural blonde eyebrows and lashes and her hair piled high in coils on top of her head. In class she observed a strict but polite discipline at all times. She smiled easily when pleased with her students' performance. Always a lady, she never was given to tantrums or vituperation. Students respected her as a person in authority. Despite her tiny figure (size five dress and shoe size of three!), she easily controlled her groups."

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"Maria was not the one to use small nervous hand movements. On the contrary, when using her hands or arms for emphasis, her movements were not on a large scale. In class she often wore a lorgnette on a chain around her neck. She squinted when watching the class, or to see who was approaching her. When she played the piano, she wore exceedingly thick-lensed glasses. Sometimes she would show the pianist, with one hand or the other, or both, just how she wanted a passage played. Her light blue eyes were bright and had little crow's feet at their sides."

Kedrina's Studio and Home

"In her studio and living quarters were displayed several beautiful icons, representations of sacred personages in the tradition of Eastern Churches. At times the icons would have a lighted candle before them. In her front garden, near the cluster of bamboo was a structure that housed a tiny Russian chapel."

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"Madame was a good cook and a fastidious housekeeper. She invited me many times to eat with her. She would scold the girls when the dressing room was left in disorder. She used to say, 'Put it in its proper place while you have it in your hand.' The Kedrins never bothered to own or learn to drive a car. Their relatives, many friends and students' parents, were always willing to transport them — and taxis were readily available."

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"Finally, I remember the many times I would pick up my sister after her lesson which ended at six o'clock. I drove a 1923 Dodge without-a-top touring car and would sometimes drop off other of Kedrina's students on the way home. Madame always cordially greeted me when I came to the door. It seemed to amuse her as she smilingly teased me, 'When will you come and

dance with us? You can do it! And besides we need another boy. — You'll come?' The straightforwardness of the question, and with her blue eyes squinting at me so candidly, never failed to fluster me. She was so very persuasive that I believed her every time. I, too, would smile and silently shake my head — I hated to disappoint her! But I was the loser in the end, for I wish that I had gone to dance with them — for her."

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"For many, the memories are three generations old, because in some families three generations had the privilege of studying with Madame. And for each, the procedure was the same. A deep curtsy and 'Good morning, Madame Kedrina' upon arrival, and a similar performance upon departure. And heaven help any little one who tried to sneak out without participating in this bit of old-world courtesy. It was in 1968 that Madame Kedrina retired after more than three decades as a teacher. How many decades of budding ballerinas made their curtsy before this warm embodiment of the beauty of music and dance and grace of the old world? How many little lives have been influenced by this truly grand dame? What a long line there would be if each student could line up just once more to say, 'Good night, Madame Kedrina.'"

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Claire Chichester; Leontine Phelan, Dorothy Kleine-Garman; Tamara Usher.

Others: (Maiden Names) Gay Garman; Carolyn Manfrina; Mary McTavish; Helen Proclov (deceased).

AN UNIDENTIFIED SANTA BARBARA SHIPWRECK

By Frank J. Frost*

In January of 1983 a sharp-eyed jogger spotted an unusual piece of timber emerging from the storm-eroded beach northwest of Arroyo Burro. Closer examination showed the timber to be an old and weathered frame whose shape suggested that it had once been part of a ship. The jogger, Santa Barbaran Bob Gary, decided to rescue the timber before it could be reburied. The next day he asked me for an opinion as to the possible origin and identification of the ship from which the frame had come. I had to confess that old, wooden ship identification is not an exact science. But I was able to start a number of lines of inquiry that may some day make it possible to propose a probable date and country origin.

One of the foremost experts in old ship reconstruction is J. Richard Steffy, of Texas A&M University's Institute of Nautical Archaeology. After I had sent him several photos and a scale drawing of the timber he immediately identified it as a futtock — part of a compound frame which from its shape seemed to come from near the stern of the ship (see fig. 1, based on Steffy's sketch). The futtock had been fastened to the rest of the compound frame

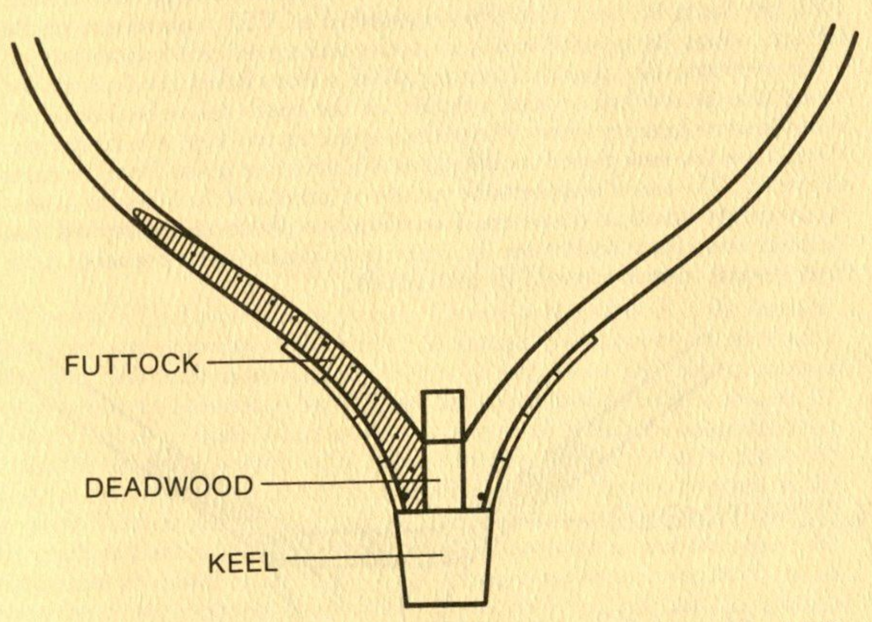


Fig. 1 The place of the futtock in a compound frame — Frank J. Frost

and to other structural members partly by iron through-bolts (which left characteristic rust stains) and partly by wooden treenails, some of which were intact. Subsequently, I sent small pieces of both futtock and treenail to the Center for Wood Anatomy Research, U.S. Forest Products Laboratory, in Madison, Wisconsin. Experts there determined that the futtock was family

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Both timbers and the *oosuk* were generously donated to the Historical Society by their finders.

Lauraceae, or laurel, but they were unable to distinguish which of nearly thirty genera it belonged to. All but two genera of laurel are tropical, however, and both large size and extreme hardness of our specimen indicate a tropical origin. The treenail proved to be cogwood, *Zizyphus chloroxylon*, which is a native Jamaican hardwood widely utilized by the Spanish because of its hardness and long wearing qualities and transplanted by them to other areas of the New World.

Possible Mexican Origin

With this information it was possible to suggest that the ship might have been built somewhere along the tropical Pacific coast of Mexico — San Blas for instance. San Blas is the most frequently mentioned port of origin for shipping headed for Alta California in the early 19th century.[1] It is difficult to make even an informed guess about the date of the ship. The futtock was hand adzed and some of the iron fittings had been bent double and clenched, which are signs of relatively primitive shipbuilding techniques. A date in the first part of the 19th century served as a working hypothesis and in June, 1983, the Santa Barbara *News-Press* published a UCSB press release on the futtock, noting the possibility of such a date and a possible Mexican origin.[2]

The very next day after the story appeared, a Hope Ranch resident phoned to say that he too had noticed a timber on the beach below his house just after the same January storm. He had brought it up and kept it in his garage. When I saw the new piece I could tell immediately that it was from the same shipwreck. The wood was the same variety of laurel and the holes for fastenings were the identical diameters. I sent Steffy a photo and he replied that the piece was a floor timber (see fig. 2); from its dimensions it probably came from several frames forward of the futtock.

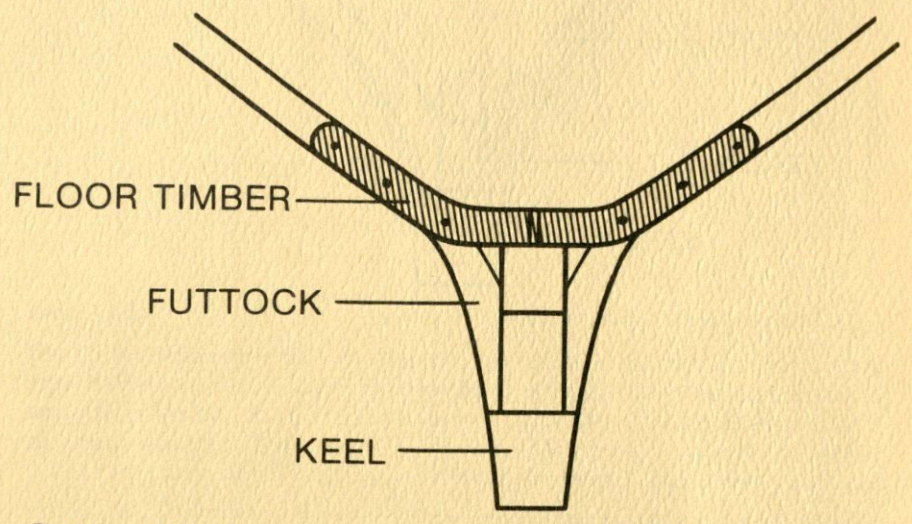


Fig. 2 An idealized floor timber would be positioned as shown. Our actual specimen is asymmetrical, its shape dictated by the natural curves of the tree limb from which it was adzed.

Frank J. Frost

It is premature to try to identify these frame features with any of the known shipwrecks along the Santa Barbara Coast.[3] It is interesting to note that most of the groundings of the early 19th century were followed by more or less successful salvage attempts. But in the case of our futtock and floor timber, the ship must have come completely apart. It would seem to be in the same limbo therefore as the unknown ship that left five cannon on Goleta beach.* It could even be the same ship. A vessel that started to break up in the surf off Goleta would lose heavy deck cannon at once but would then continue to break up as the prevailing drift swept it along by More Mesa and Hope Ranch. But this is just one of many possibilities.

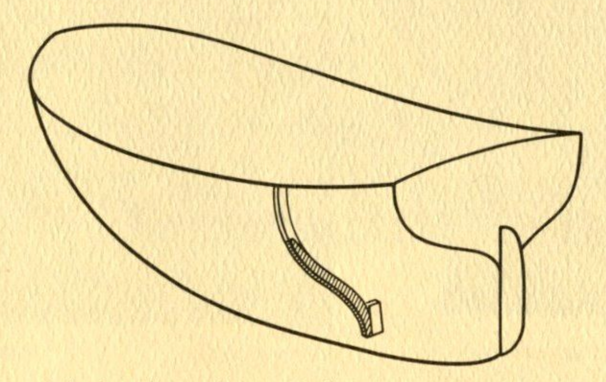


Fig. 3 Position of the futtock in a ship, *exempli gratia* Frank J. Frost

Discovery of an *Oosuk*

There is a final piece of the puzzle. Closely associated with the futtock, Bob Gary also found an object known to antique collectors by its Inuit name of *oosuk*. This is the *os penis* of the walrus, of very dense and hard calcareous composition and treasured by Eskimos because it could easily be shaped into such things as clubs and handles.[4] There is no difficulty associating an artifact from arctic waters with a ship built on Mexico's Pacific coast. As early as the 1780s gangs of Aleuts and other Alaskan natives brought down by both Russian and Yankee shipowners were scouring the entire coast as far south as Cedros Island in search of the valuable fur of the sea otter.[5] An object like an *oosuk* could have easily changed hands as a result of casual barter or by the frequent confiscation of poachers' property by the Spanish authorities.

It is obvious that a puzzle cannot be solved given only three pieces. But we are aware now than an early shipwreck lies in the sands north of Arroyo Burro. Winter storms in the future may produce a solution to the mystery.

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*The cannons were discovered after a storm near Goleta Beach park in January, 1981. There have been many theories regarding their origin. Some of the cannons have been undergoing a process of restoration at the UCSB campus, and experts hope to find additional clues regarding their origins, such as markings indicating the name of the manufacturer, or a date, after the guns are cleaned more thoroughly. (*News-Press*, Jan. 24, 1981; March 12, 1984.) — Editor



Bob Gary and the futtock Frank J. Frost

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[1] See, for instance, Adele Ogden, *The California Sea Otter Trade 1748-1848* (UC Press, 1941) appendix.
[2] "Jogger's find identified as relic off ship," *Santa Barbara News-Press*, 8 June 1983: Bl.
[3] These are listed and thoroughly discussed in two recent, privately printed books provoked by the discovery, in 1981, of five iron cannon on Goleta beach: Jim Gilmore and Jack Hunter, *The Guns of Goleta*; Justin M. Ruhge, *The Historic Cannons of Goleta in search of a pedigree*.
[4] Dorothy Jean Ray, *Eskimo Art* (University of Washington Press, 1977) 48, and fig. 140.
[5] Ogden, *Sea Otter Trade* 45-65.

CAROLYN WEISMAN, A VALUED VOLUNTEER

By Virginia D'Alfonso

Perhaps you've noticed but have never examined the large book on the table by the ceremonial cannon in the Museum's Spanish Room. We call it our *Libro de los Recuerdos* (book of remembrances). It contains the names of all those who have been memorialized with a donation to the Historical Society.

Entries in such a distinguished volume have to be done by an artist, and our artist is one of our most valued volunteers, Carolyn (Mrs. William) Weisman.



Carolyn Weisman — Clint Weisman



A page from the Libro de los Recuerdos — Clint Weisman

Carolyn studied calligraphy with Dege Cole at Santa Barbara City College. She seems to fashion her strokes and serifs with the greatest of ease, but if you've ever tried it you know that producing beautiful letters like Carolyn's requires a great deal of practice and a large amount of artistic talent.

Carolyn's volunteer work in Santa Barbara includes another activity requiring artistic skill. She has helped develop the Fire Department's popular puppet show which is performed in the schools to demonstrate fire prevention and emergency skills like the famous "stop, drop and roll." This is on-going creative work which Carolyn finds very rewarding and lots of fun.

For this article, Carolyn also volunteered her son, Clint Weisman, a professional photographer who has his studio next to the Hill-Carrillo adobe. Clint, who attended local schools and learned his craft from his high school teacher, Clint Wheeler, and as an apprentice with photographer Joel McNee, also took the picture of our Fourth of July exhibit, which appeared in the *News Press.* Carolyn loaned the Revolutionary War flag and the old drum in the exhibit.

No one is quite certain about the origins of the *Libro de los Recuerdos.* It is bound in elaborately tooled leather thought to date from the 16th century, and on its cover are antique brass studs and clasps. The pages were made especially for our purpose, and they are decorated with Russell Ruiz drawings depicting Cabrillo's ships exploring the Santa Barbra Channel and coast.

When you are in the Museum, have a closer look at the old Libro. You may think of a friend or relative whose name you would like to have appear in its pages.

A Coming Event

Be sure to come to the Pre-Fiesta party July 22, to visit with old friends and enjoy a delicious barbecue.

Historical Society Hours

The Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum is open 12 to 5 p.m. Tuesday through Friday, and 1 to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday.

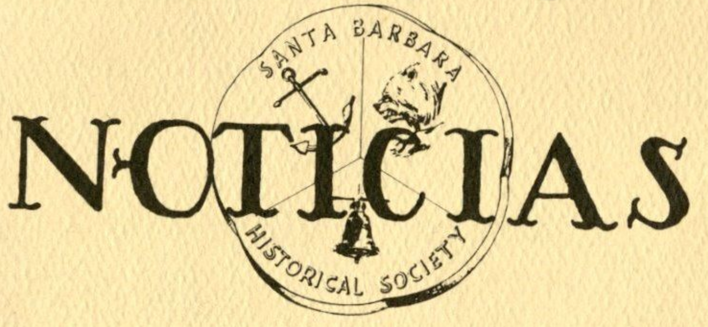
The Gledhill Library is open 12 to 4 p.m. Tuesday through Friday.

The Fernald House is open 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday only.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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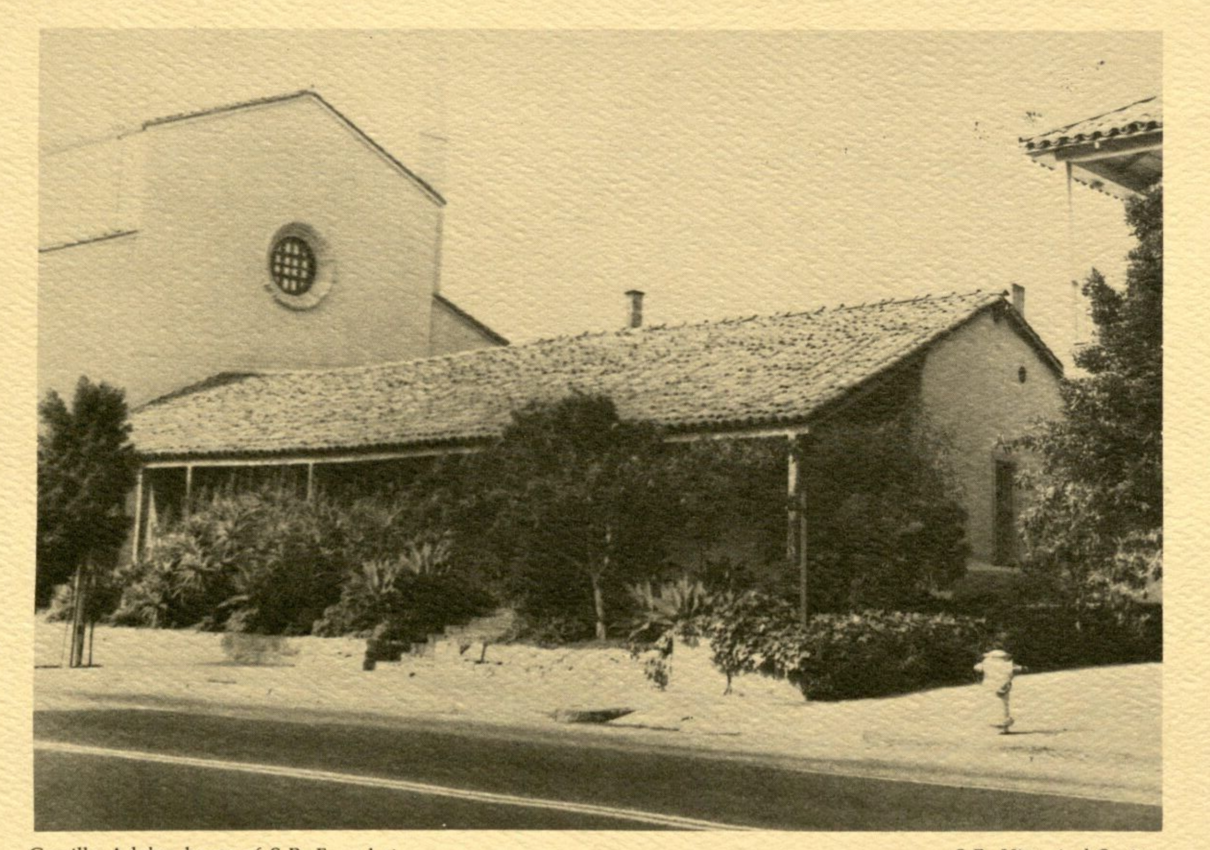
NOTICIAS

Lutah M. Riggs
See page 36.

S.B. Historical Society

Vol. XXX, No. 2

Summer, 1984



Carrillo Adobe, home of S.B. Foundation,
Photo by W. Edwin Gledhill

S.B. Historical Society

THE SANTA BARBARA FOUNDATION

By Stella Haverland Rouse

A $5,000 gift by Major Max C. Fleischmann in July, 1926, for band concerts during August of that year has evolved into assets of $19,000,000, whose annual income results in aid of more than $1,000,000 to various Santa Barbara county non-profit organizations' projects. In January, 1925, there had been a proposal to engage a brass band for the summer, to present concerts similar to those of more than a decade previously. Apparently the June, 1925, earthquake diverted attention from such entertainment.

The next year, Major Fleischmann, remembering the enjoyable concerts in his home town, Riverside, Ohio, and knowing that Santa Barbarans would like to revive concerts here, donated $5,000 for a band of from twenty-five to thirty pieces. The gift was announced in both the Daily News and the Morning Press July 12 and 13, 1926, through Francis Price, Major Fleischmann's attorney, who was to represent him in securing a band. Townspeople suggested Spanish costumes, to publicize the Old Spanish Days Fiesta to be held late in August, 1926.

The band fund was administered rather informally until September 19, 1928. Then, realizing that an organization was necessary to manage band funds and plan other projects which would benefit Santa Barbara, Major Fleischmann invited 25 civic-minded men to meet and draw up articles of incorporation for "Santa Barbara Foundation." At that time there were similar foundations in about fifty cities in the United States.

The members of the Foundation were Edward W. Alexander, Elmer J. Bissell, Rexwald Brown, Harold S. Chase, George W. Clyde, William R. Dickinson, T. Wilson Dibblee, Robert E. Easton, Charles A. Edwards, George S. Edwards, Reginald G. Fernald, Max C. Fleischmann, E. Palmer Gavit, Bernhard Hoffmann, Charles H. Jackson, Jr., Kirk B. Johnson, Seth A. Keeney, James P. Kennedy, George W. MacLellan, J. J. Mitchell, Dwight Murphy, Francis Price, Charles B. Raymond, Thomas M. Storke and George W. Wilson. Of the original twenty-five founding members, only J. J. Mitchell is still alive.

The Foundation's Development

The Santa Barbara Foundation is a community institution, to "be in perpetual existence and devoted to charitable and eleemosynary purposes." Major Fleischmann gave 3,500 shares of capital stock of Standard Brands Corporation to the Foundation, the income from which was to be used for the band, or for worthwhile community projects. This was augmented later by additional gifts by Major Fleischmann and bequests and properties entrusted to the Foundation by county residents.

The original by-laws provided for a membership of "not more than seventy-five," with new members being chosen "from among those whose record of interest in and service to, the community merits recognition and honor." The presidents to date, with their terms of office are: Charles B. Raymond, 1929-1933; Colonel George L. Hamilton, 1933-1938; Peter Cooper Bryce, 1938-1940; Francis Price, 1940-1944; Robert E. Easton, 1944-1947; Harold S. Chase, 1947-1949; L. Stuart Wing, 1949-1952; Archie M. Edwards, 1952-1955; John A. Parma, 1955-1967; Harold W. Beard, 1967-1976; H. Clarke Gaines, 1976-1979; Philip S. Wilcox, 1979-1981; Arthur L. Brown, 1981-1983; Dr. John S. Rathbone, 1983- .

In 1965 it was announced that Santa Barbara was high among United States cities in the percentage of growth. The Foundation, like many other institutions, has striven to maintain its services to meet community needs. By 1977 the organization's student aid program had become so important that Edward R. Spaulding was named field and scholarship director. He was aided by Mrs. Isabel H. Bartolome, scholarship secretary.

The Fondation's work of grants based on income derived from investments and contributions continued to grow, as did loans of the student aid program, and in January, 1979, Mr. Spaulding was appointed executive director to better organize activities of the non-profitable charitable group, and Mrs. Bartolome is now Student Aid Director.

In 1980 the Foundation dissolved membership and instituted a drive for a larger group, to be associate members, interested in supporting the activities of the original group. There are now 600 associate members, some of whom serve as trustees or on committees of the organization.

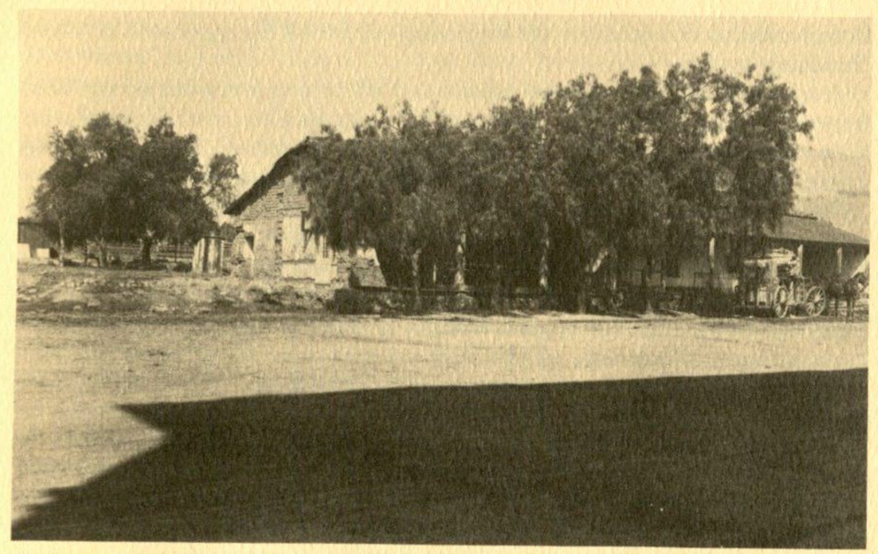
The fifty-six-year-old Foundation began publishing a bi-annual publication, "Los Adobes," in 1979, explaining the purpose of the organization and presenting information regarding its history, policies and activities, to publicize its work and secure community support and recognition.

The Foundation's First Grant

The Foundation's first grant was for a band to be organized and managed by the Music Branch of the Community Arts Association. A little more than a year later, Mrs. Frederick Gould indicated her confidence in and approval of this philanthropic body by deeding her Montecito estate to the Foundation, to be her home during her lifetime, and donating an endowment for the estate's maintenance. Other gifts began coming to the organization, and several substantial bequests or philanthropic funds have been turned over to the Foundation for administering.

In April, 1928, when Major Fleischmann heard that the owner of the Rose Theater had purchased a portion of the old Carrillo Adobe property on which to erect a theater, he bought the historic landmark on East Carrillo Street to save it from destruction. The building had served as a family home, a public meeting place, a Chinese laundry and an art center. Newspapers announced January 8, 1930, that Major Fleischmann was giving it to the Santa Barbara Foundation. With income from its rental and from trust funds donated to the Foundation and from additional stock given by Major Fleischmann, the Foundation could make a few grants to deserving organizations.

Economic conditions changed after the stock market crash of 1929. There were many projects which seemed more necessary than a community band, and money was diverted to assist temporarily unemployed Santa Barbarans, in relief jobs and subsistence living. A Foundation grant supplied money for provisions for 400 needy families cared for by the Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee. Funds were donated to the Salvation Army for transient aid; to the Community Chest to finance the women's workroom sewing project, and to the Red Cross for materials and work on Red Cross-sponsored garments. The Associated Charities and Visiting Nurse programs were aided also. However, the musicians were experiencing unemployment problems,



Carrillo Adobe before restoration S.B. Historical Society

too, and were re-hired on the basis of $5 per musician for each concert appearance. In a few years government-sponsored programs lessened the need for unemployment aid, and band concerts with professional rates for musicians were reinstated in 1934.

Studies of Local Problems

When unemployment problems no longer demanded so much attention, the Foundation began to appropriate funds to study two major Santa Barbara issues: the harbor and water. In 1935 a Harbor Committee was appointed, which advised setting aside $1,500 for engineering advice regarding erosion. Dredging plans were made, but after several years of study World War II interrupted activities about 1943, when the harbor came under Navy control.

A series of drought years in the 1940s and an increased population's need for water motivated the Foundation to furnish funds for water supply studies, especially slant drilling in our mountains. Another Foundation-supported project was a housing study.

During the depression another area of assistance developed when the Foundation discovered that many young people needed financial aid in attending college. In 1932 a scholarship program was instituted. While it began in a modest way, student aid has become a major activity of the organization. At first educational assistance was awarded in an informal way, with a recommendation by a Foundation member or a reliable citizen, a study of the applicant's needs and potentialities. In 1938 the first scholarship committee was established. An early and continuing requirement has been that the student must repay the funds advanced.

Several residents, noting the successful and beneficial program administered by the Foundation, have donated sizable sums, so that now the income from more than $3.5 million is available annually for qualified applicants.

Unfortunately, that sum has not been adequate for all the applicants in recent "hardship" years.

A careful evaluation of applications and interviews is conducted by Mrs. Bartolome, director of the program and Mrs. Agnes Grogan of Santa Maria; then additional interviews are conducted by Mr. Spaulding. Applicants bring carefully prepared summaries of financial assets and needs.

Since inflation has increased the cost of a college education and the number of applicants, a few new requirements have been established: students must have attended a Santa Barbara county high school for three years and graduated from a Santa Barbara county secondary school. In the last few years the committee has adjusted loans to furnish adequate sums under contemporary conditions, which could amount to a $2,400 loan for a year in a four-year college or graduate school, or $100 a month and student fees at a community college.

The Foundation is interested in helping serious, dedicated students in continuing their educations, not only in college and universities, but in trade schools. The name has been changed to Student Aid Committee, to more adequately characterize the loan fund policies. In 1983 there were 220 applications for student aid, and 208 loans were granted for a total of $532,296.

A number of Santa Barbarans in varied professions and occupations have been recipients of educational loans. The rate of repayment when graduates have established themselves in their chosen fields has been remarkably high, since the loans are considered debts of honor.

In addition to the money in this fund, there are also scholarships available for music students from a separate source made possible when the Santa Barbara Foundation was appointed trustee for the Pillsbury Foundation at the request of the two trustees then remaining: Joe Paxton and Yale Griffith. The Pillsbury Foundation had been established for the advancement of musical education. When a school for developing interest in music among young children was discontinued, the Pillsbury Fund trustees voted to have the fund administered by the Santa Barbara Foundation. Forty students were aided by the Pillsbury Scholarship Fund for a total of $57,810 in 1983.

The Foundation's Grants

Early in its existence the Foundation witnessed the needs of varied non-profit organizations in their community services. In the beginning grants were given on an informal but practical basis. While now there is a much more formal system of applications and a study of the requester's needs, there is personal contact with the executive director, Edward S. Spaulding, in his visits to each organization and his study of its activities. Committee members evaluating grant applications base their judgement of appropriations on their broad background of community services. There are fourteen members, including several trustees. Grants are allocated quarterly on "projects that will bring the most good to the greatest number in the community."

There are four categories of grants: Education and Culture, Health, Social Services and Youth. There are many recipients under the title of Education and Culture which are reminiscent of the first band donation. Music societies, ballet programs and theater projects have been funded. The Santa Barbara

Botanic Garden, the Museum of Natural History and the Public Library are "old-timers" in Santa Barbara's culture. More recent additions are the Music Academy of the West, regional historical societies and A Child's Estate, which was deeded to the city of Santa Barbara, and the Foundation has aided in making a fine small zoo and educational park. Institutions for the retarded and handicapped have received grants for sums beyond their budgets.

Many calls for grants in the Health Care field have been answered, either by donations for special hospital equipment, and building or office improvements in health care facilities. During the depression, early in the Foundation's existence it helped fund a summer health camp, and it continues to grant money annually for youth camperships to twenty-three organizations.

Social Services have become a large category for funds in Santa Barbara, for many more persons are assisted in various ways than were helped half a century ago. In the first period of the Foundation's existence, the trustees expressed their concern for the elderly, many of whose financial conditions had deteriorated after the stock market crash. They expressed a need for retirement homes for these individuals, but had neither the money to establish such an institution, nor to maintain it. As life expectancy ages have risen, so have the needs of "senior citizens," and the Foundation has assisted the American Association of Retired Persons, Meals on Wheels, the Senior Citizens' Center and other organizations which make life more comfortable for the elderly.

There are many new community services like parenting programs, search and rescue teams and ethnic groups which did not exist in the 1930s.

Santa Barbarans have always supported youth programs, like the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, the YMCA, and the Boys' and Girls' Clubs, but now there are many more youths' clubs, the Children's Home Society, nursery schools and day care centers and other bodies which need assistance for capital expenses not furnished by the United Way. In commenting on the board's benevolent activities, Harold W. Beard, long-time president, said in 1980, "Everything has been done to the best of the Board's knowledge, in the interest of Santa Barbara county."

County-wide Awards

In the beginning, grants were awarded to organizations in the coastal area of Santa Barbara county, but as income increased and civic organizations in out-lying districts expanded their functions and learned of the Foundation's activities, some of them applied to the Foundation for aid. The first north county grant was to the Santa Maria Hospital, now the Marian Hospital. Other grants followed — to Santa Ynez, Lompoc, Guadalupe and New Cuyama, for youth programs, historical societies and various educational, health and social services. A Santa Maria advisory committee composed of civic-minded Santa Marians assists in gathering information regarding worthy grant recipients and student loan applicants in its area. Carpinteria and Goleta groups have also been recipients of Foundation aid.

By careful management, wise investments and generous contributions, the organization's assets have increased greatly in value. The total worth of the Foundation has been augmented as local benefactors realized the value of

a group like the Foundation to which to leave their estates. Several large benefactions have been added to the Foundation's funds, because, according to president John A. Parma's report in 1956, there were many prospective donors to worthy causes.

However, "too often they select beneficiary groups or organizations with short life expectancy, or which by a shift in community development, cease to be as deserving as they might have been at the time selected." Donors who choose the Foundation are assured that their funds will be well managed, and that the annual income will be distributed carefully to worthwhile community projects, and that current trustees will be perpetuated by responsible, dedicated replacements as membership changes.

In 1983 the Foundation experienced the same need as do many organizations which come to it for capital improvements. A city building inspector discovered that the Carrillo Adobe roof was sagging noticeably. Investigation revealed that the roof beam would have to be replaced — a restoration requiring about five months' careful work because of the building's historical background and the fragile condition of the tiles. It is completed.

The current officers of the Foundation are: John S. Rathbone, D.D.S., president; Robert M. Jones, John V. Pollitt and Mrs. James R. Dow, vice presidents; James L. Free, Jr., secretary; Mrs. Martha Bassett, assistant secretary; Lawrence L. Wathey, treasurer, and Edwin F. Froelich, D.D.S., assistant treasurer. Other trustees are Fritz Amacher, B. Paul Blasingame, Mrs. G. Cordero, Warren E. Fenzi, Mrs. Robert G. Ferguson, Mrs. John F. Merritt, Mrs. Herman Nelson, P. Paul Riparetti, M.D.; Clifford W. Sponsel, Mrs. Howard Vesey. Honorary trustees are H. Clarke Gaines, J. Raymond Kieding, Ralph C. Raddue, David L. Tilton, Edward B. Starbuck, Jr., and Philip S. Wilcox.

IF WE ONLY KNEW: POINT CONCEPTION'S LAST CHUMASH CANOE[1]

by Travis Hudson[2]

Time changes many things, including our perspectives of what seems important. Certainly for John Rockwell and his companions the accidental loss of a Chumash wooden canoe in the surf off Point Conception was of no major consequence in the summer of 1850. Understandably, neither he nor his friends could possibly have known the "historical significance" the event would eventually achieve. It was not until June 6, 1896, a time when Rockwell reflected back upon Santa Barbara's "olden times" in the *Daily News*, that the 46-year-old experience took on historical importance. With obvious feeling for the event, he wrote: "We did not know then that we had contributed to the loss of the last remaining specimen of that kind of Indian workmanship which today would be prized as a relic of great value" (Rockwell 1896).

Despite the loss of this "prized relic," Rockwell's account, however brief, does provide a few bits of valuable information on Chumash watercraft. It will be my purpose to comment on his account not only in an effort to identify the type of Chumash boat mentioned, but also to suggest an identity for the "old Indian"man of Cojo Viejo who loaned the craft to them.

Rockwell was one of a four-man U.S. Coast Survey team during that fateful summer of 1850. His companions included A. M. Harrison, James Lawson, and George Davidson as crew leader. Camped in the vicinity of the "beach of the little bar on the east side" of the point, the men occasionally found some time to enjoy a brief plunge in a sea too inviting to ignore. It was during one such swim that the "old Indian from Cojo Viejo" loaned them his canoe, and Lawson launched the craft "through the light surf at the western part of the bay." Apparently, Lawson was unable to board the canoe, for shortly afterward wind and current took control over a boat he could not manage, sweeping both out beyond the breakers. He decided to abandon the canoe and swim for shore. As for the canoe, it "was finally blown among the breakers and destroyed" (Rockwell 1896).

It is unfortunate that Rockwell's account provides so little descriptive data about the canoe. He relates only that it was a "short, round bottomed, round ended craft," and adds that it was of an "earlier type used by the Indians along the coast." One could readily assume from this that the boat was probably a very short version of the plank-built *tomol*, a form of watercraft for which the Chumash were quite famous (Hudson, Timbrook and Rempe 1978; Hudson and Blackburn 1982:341-348). But with a great deal more thought, it would appear not to be, for the *tomol* was a flat-bottomed, sharp-ended craft. Obviously, the round-bottomed, round-ended boat described by Rockwell must have been another type of canoe, and I would guess a dugout.

Construction of a Dugout

There is precious little which can be said about the Chumash dugout, except that it was made by hollowing out the interior of a willow, poplar, or cottonwood log, leaving the bottom and ends rounded. Lengths varied, with

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[1]I would like to thank Paula Marie Juelke for calling the Rockwell account to my attention.
[2]Travis Hudson, Curator of Anthropology at the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History, has contributed several articles to *Noticias*.

some upward to about 30 feet and capable of carrying four or five men (Woodward 1934:120). A double-bladed paddle was used.

Such boats may well have been popular along the coast, taking their place alongside the tule balsa canoe and the *tomol* to provide a means to fish in nearshore waters, or to carry passengers or cargo. Because of the nature of the craft, however, it was restricted to coastal esteros, though on an extremely calm day it might be used to venture farther seaward (Hudson and Blackburn 1982:338). It would be my guess that as *tomol* construction began to decrease by the 1820s, the dugout assumed greater importance, possibly reaching its zenith just before the arrival of the Americans.

Certainly most of the dugouts recalled by Indian consultants date to this period. Chumash consultants Luisa Ygnacio and Fernando Librado, both probably describing the same dugout in use on Goleta Estero, date it to the 1850s. This particular example was a two-man craft made by two Chumash men, Jose Sudon and Jose Venadero, from a willow log. What became of this dugout is unknown, other than that it was passed on to Jose Dolores Ortega of Santa Barbara, who was very fond of fishing (Hudson, Timbrook and Rempe 1978:35; Hudson and Blackburn 1982:339).

Yet another 1850s dugout is reported for Arroyo Hondo, which is not far up the coast from Point Conception. Fernando Librado states that a poplar log was used, and that the builders were Pedro Ortega (the owner), Jose Manuel, Aniceto (who was also involved in the construction of the Goleta dugout) and Silverio *Konoyo*. Of interest is that Aniceto used the breastbone of some kind of bird (probably the brown pelican) to guide the roundish shape of the prow. With oars fixed in American fashion, the finished boat was used for fishing in nearshore waters, including at least two trips to areas off Point Pedernales. What became of this two- or three-man dugout is unknown (Hudson, Timbrook and Rempe 1978:35-36).

Indian Dugout Builders

These descriptions suggest that Rockwell's canoe was most likely also a small dugout used for fishing in nearshore waters; but these descriptions also suggest a connection between the Rockwell boat and some of the canoe builders named above, particularly Silverio *Konoyo*.

Not very much is known about him. Fernando Librado tells us that Silverio was originally from Santa Rosa Island and was a "little, sawed-off looking man" who loved fishing. His Indian name meant "always green." Besides being a fishing partner of Jose Venadero, Silverio was also a canoemaker, and as a very old man took part in the construction of the Arroyo Hondo dugout. Many years prior to this (ca1812-1815), Silverio was one of several Mission La Purisima Indians ordered by the priest to launch 30 canoes from Cojo Viejo for San Miguel Island in an effort to removing the surviving people and bring them to the mainland. As it turned out, a raging storm resulted in the sinking of all but 2 canoes, one of which was crewed by Silverio and his partner, Francisco *Kuliwit*. Their canoe broke up on the rock at Cojo Viejo, the two men just barely able to swim to shore (Hudson, Timbrook and Rempe 1978:149, 178).

As a resident of the Cojo Viejo region, a fisherman, and a dugout canoemaker, Silverio *Konoyo* may well have been the "old Indian" in

Rockwell's account. But two other names should also be noted, the first of which is Francisco *Kuliwit*, whose background was very similar to that of Silverio. The other candidate is Bernardino *'Alamshalaliw*. Fernando Librado informs us that Bernardino was an old canoemaker who resided at Cojo, taking orders for them. This same man may well have taken part in the attempt to remove the San Miguel Islanders mentioned above (Hudson, Timbrook and Rempe 1978:171).

But regardless of who may have built the canoe described by Rockwell, his information helps us to better understand the type of watercraft being used by post Mission Chumash along the channel mainland in the 1840s-1850s, and in turn a little more about the people who used these boats.

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MEMORABLE EVENTS
by Fredricka D. Poett*

It was a lovely warm and sunny day the end of October, and our mother sent us out to play, three little children in the back garden. Later, some of our friends came by with their older brothers and sisters and asked us if we wanted to join them, but it was to be a secret, and if we did, we were to join them the next night — late. We wondered how this could be done, as we were always to be in bed by eight o'clock. One of the older girls said it would be easy: all we had to do was just go to bed as usual, then quickly dress and join them at the corner of Garden and Mission Streets. They would then tell us the secret.

The alacrity with which we finished our baths, our prayers heard, astonished our parents as we quickly popped into bed, and when all was clear we as quickly popped out and dressed, and ran down the stairs as quickly as possible to join our peers. We soon found Genevieve, Bill and Elizabeth with two older brothers we hardly knew. We were then told the secret, which was to grease the streetcar tracks, and we were told that we had exactly twenty minutes, so we rolled up our sleeves and worked like beavers with grease up to our elbows. The older boys worked with us, but the girls just watched, evidently not wanting to get their hands and pretty little frocks dirty. In the meantime, it had been arranged that Genevieve's brother (Tallant) would board the streetcar in town and get off at Mission Street. When we heard the car climbing up Garden Street and our job was well done, we all skedaddled, ran and hid in the nearby garden by a large bronze dog. After Tallant got off, the car couldn't get enough traction to start up again; once it almost made the curve, but stopped, slithered and slid back with the most horrible smell of burnt brakes.

Finally, the conductor knew it was hopeless. In the meantime, my little sister wanted to see what was happening, and climbed onto the big bronze dog. Alas, we were then discovered and solemnly marched home to our parents who were amazed to see three dirty, greasy little children whom they thought were safely tucked into bed, brought into the house by a large and imposing conductor who evidently liked little children, and half expected a "trick or treat" on Hallowe'en eve.

Diehl's Grocery Store

To describe Diehl's is difficult. Perhaps the best word would be an "institution," because it was far more than a grocery store. It conjures up memories of a wonderful lavishness that was known to few stores on the west coast. If a product wasn't in stock, it was ordered from no matter where: Asia, South America or even Europe. Most of the affluent of San Francisco had standing orders as had Mr. Hearst, who sent a truck once a week for goodies for "La Cuesta Encantada." Mr. Diehl was known and respected by all, young and old — he seemed to be able to do almost everything — if one needed a cook, a gardener, or even a children's nurse, a word to Mr. Diehl, and presto, there would be the wanted person.

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*Fredricka Dibblee Poett is a descendant of Jose de la Guerra, comandante of the Santa Barbara Presidio,and builder of the De la Guerra house, now a part of El Paseo. These sketches of memorable incidents by Miss Poett give an insight into a way of Santa Barbara life, not so long ago, but remote from our busy life.

Our greatest joy was to drop by in the afternoon, meet our friends, hear the news and just gorge on double whipped cream banana splits, then wonder about, see, (and perhaps buy) some of the produce from all over the world.

A young man about town, a friend of my oldest sister, was known to collect speeding tickets with his shiny new Bear Cat Stutz, getting them from Sandyland to town in a remarkably short time. He would turn in his tickets to Mr. Diehl, saying, "Here, will you take care of this?" until finally Mr. Diehl said, "I can no longer bill your family for so much more candy and ice cream than you and all your girls can possibly eat."

First Love

A teenager's first love can be a terrifically thrilling "pie in the sky," and it was the most romantic time in one's life, especially when the young man is kind, fun, attentive, "tall, dark and handsome," and has a string of polo ponies; the family, a beautiful yacht; his car a green runabout Pierce Arrow, which dashes off to the races at Santa Anita. Then dinner at the Brown Derby or Perino's; run up to Hearst's castle; a rodeo at Salinas, or an illegal cock fight in Ventura; in other words, almost anywhere your little heart desires.

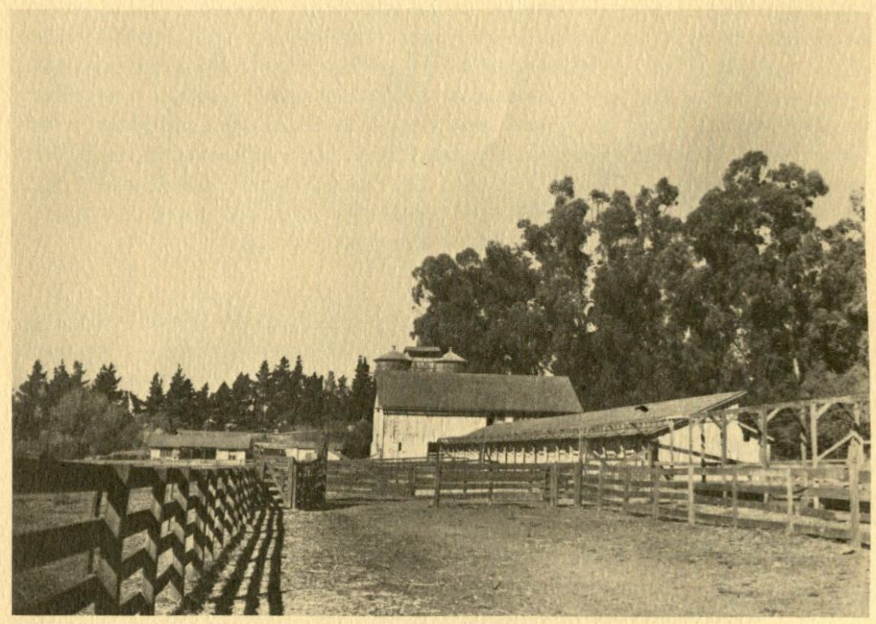
Sometimes lovely, lazy days with friends sailing to the Islands on the "Bayadere," fishing, reading or just dreaming — sometimes giving the Captain a hand when coming about, or trimming the sails when it gets too tough in the channel, and getting soaking wet — an excuse for another drink. Other times, long rides along the beach at low tide; exercising the horses at his Rincon ranch, or perhaps riding the "Purple Sage," as Zane Grey would so romantically describe it, at our ranch, or racing me down the length of the Bartlett Polo Field, "just to keep the ponies in shape."

Dinners at different friends' houses, or dances at the club. After the party he would toss me the car keys and say, " Here, you drive." The thrill of a huge, powerful engine with the throttle wide open, spinning down the road in the moonlight along the ocean front and the spray in one's face; then a stop for a beer or two; and as time went on, more and more stops for a couple of beers until finally his family sent him east to a famous doctor "for the cure."

After what seemed a very long time, his happy return. Would I marry him after he got his life together? Again the happy days and again the wild, gay nights when I would have to drive him home. The promises never to touch another drop. The same relapses, the deep chagrin. I loved him dearly and thought I could help him overcome his urge to drink, but it went from bad to worse, and one day he told me "not to bug him," that he could "work it out himself,' and that he "could never give up drinking entirely." I, too, felt like drowning my sorrow in liquor. The bottom had fallen out of my world as I knew it when his brother called me that he could no longer cope with life and had committed suicide.

My First Airplane Ride

Half a century ago flying in the year 1932 was not a common occurrence; after all, it had been only five years since Lindberg's solo flight across the Atlantic to Paris. Now all young men were inspired, and many had taken flying lessons; those more affluent had their own plane. I will relate the story of one plane owner:



Eucalyptus trees at Rancho San Julian S.B. Historical Society

It was a large, formal dinner for Prince George; my escort had motored to our ranch (San Julian) fifty miles north of Santa Barbara to take me out to the party, and was to take me home later that night. I, of course, was dressed in my best French evening gown and gold slippers.

It had been a perfectly stunning party in every way. "Absolutely smashing," as the British say. Little did we realize that we had met the future King of England.

As we were leaving, my escort's car malfunctioned, which meant that I must stay in town. Early the next morning, he came for me in a borrowed car, but first wanted to check his plane in Carpinteria at what was then the Chadbourne-Donze Flying Service. Howard Hughes would often have been puttering around there.

The next thing I knew, I was being heaved into the little open two-seated Waco by Paul Lucas and some of his friends. Tom, my escort, had just gotten his pilot's license, and of course wanted to show off. I was buckled into the two-seater behind him, and off we went at 10 o'clock in the morning, and I still had my evening clothes! It was my first flight, and needless to say, I was petrified. It was an especially beautiful June morning, and as we soared over Montecito, Santa Barbara, then Goleta, my fear left me and I was lost in the elements as I looked down on the sparkling, undulating Pacific Ocean. He then turned north and I was looking down on the San Marcos Pass; he followed that to Santa Ynez, then turned southwest, and I recognized the Gaviota Pass. We were now practically on home base; I knew every inch, as I had ridden with the vaqueros driving cattle. On returning late at night we had given our horses their heads and they had always gotten to the right

gate at the correct ridge, even if we couldn't see the path ahead.

I wondered if we would be so fortunate. Now we were over our ranch headquarters, and I knew Tom planned on landing in the alfalfa field just south of the house, but we had to hop a tall row of eucalyptus trees — which he did, then started to come in, but couldn't quite make it, due to the walnut trees ahead. I knew then that this was our last moment on earth. I put my head between my hands and said a prayer. We just topped the trees; evidently God didn't want either of us just then.

Tom then flew on to Lompoc, deposited me at the little strip of an airport, saying "Adios." I telephoned my brother to ask him if he would come and fetch me. (My brother and Tom had both trained at the Boeing Aviation School at Berkeley.) He had seen the foolish antic that Tom had tried, and was so angry he said, "No, but there are big gravel trucks coming out every hour and you can hop one, but you will have to walk to the gravel pit."

So there I was at noon in my very fancy evening clothes walking the streets of Lompoc, which then was a dreary little rural town. You can imagine the looks I got. I finally arrived and found one of the drivers who, after he realized my plight, helped me climb into the truck. (The steps were at least five feet from the ground.) An hour later, we arrived at the ranch. I was covered with grey dirt on hair, face and clothes, a thoroughly chastened and very weary young lady, but at least I was home and all in one piece.

(Tom was George Thomas Westinghouse, a captain in the R.A.F., now deceased.)

Party Dreams

In the early 1920s when I was just out of school, my uncle, "a debonair club man, architect, horse fancier, yachtsman, cattle breeder, world traveler and raconteur," was approached by a Texas oil man with an oil lease on his property. There was great excitement, especially for me, when he told me that if oil was discovered I would dance with the Prince of Wales who was then on a trip around the world and due to stop off in Santa Barbara. From that moment on I floated on air; I planned my green silk gown; I practiced my dancing steps, how to curtsey gracefully. I could neither eat nor sleep. I was a tribulation to the rest of the household, but oh, to be dancing with the Prince of Wales, the most eligible bachelor in the world was almost beyond my young girl's dream.

Tennyson's "The Unquiet Heart" was being discussed. I thought how appropriate — if only I could make sense. I couldn't; I was sent to town with an important message to the family lawyer and returned without delivering it. I was off on Cloud Nine; in fact, I stopped and bought my velvet slippers and wondered if I might borrow the silver buckles on my mother's slippers. I took the slippers to bed that night and dreamed of waltzing the whole night through with my Dream Prince, and somehow the Sugar Plum Tree was intertwined in my dream. A great wind parted the jade tree and I ran through fields of sparkling diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, and best of all, a small field of emeralds between the coral bushes and the sea. Green to go with my dress. I stopped to pick a few and was pricked by a thorn; awakening, I panicked. Jewels, but I had none, so I decided I would ask my grandmother. I arrived tea time and minded my manners as I had

been taught — then gathered up enough courage to ask her. She said, of course I would be welcome to anything she had, suitable for a young girl, but hadn't I heard — that day my uncle's oil lease was cancelled. The man from Texas had shot himself.

Listening In

A naval officer, a guest of mine, was speaking of the early days of World War II, of his being stationed outside Boston and having to ride the train to New York. That recollection brought back the memory of a trip I, too, had taken from Boston to New York.

One hot day in July during World War II, I was traveling the same route. I sat near an older woman and opposite two young men in Navy uniforms; one had a slight accent I couldn't quite place, and the other spoke impeccable English. They were discussing the War, how badly it was going for the English and "U.S." Lunch time came, and I was seated opposite them at the dining table. I had finished early and started to leave when the train gave a sudden jerk and stopped, which spilled coffee over the officers' white uniforms. One jumped up and said "Mein Gott," with a few other gutteral words in German.

I immediately contacted the conductor and told him what had happened. As we were approaching New York at about 95th Street, two secret service men got on the train (no one was allowed off) and immediately found and arrested the two most wanted German spies in the country.

My Hardest Task

I had inherited from a well-known artist,* who had married one of the most famous correspondents of his day, a large, three-story house with a separate studio on fourteen acres on Buzzard's Bay, Massachusetts. For over three generations there had accumulated the treasures and the heartaches of life: births, marriages, one divorce (the artist's), and finally death. So it fell to me to dismantle this twenty-three-room house. I started on the third floor. I just sat and contemplated in the midst of this huge, musty dark attic, and started sorting "things," with the "mementos" filling trunk after trunk: baby shoes, photographs, letters, diaries, old dresses made in Paris, a beautiful silk wedding gown, now also grown old and frail; piles of Oriental rugs.

There was a huge straw bicycle basket used for shipping her bicycle around Africa and Asia, where she went with her husband who had just been accredited by William Randolph Hearst to the Spanish-American War and had written with such gusto of Theodore Roosevelt charging at San Juan Hill. Then on to the Boer War. There were books, — thousands of them, some of the correspondent, Richard Harding Davis; many first editions, some autographed by the authors; old stained glass windows, which immediately fell apart as I picked up some to look at them.

The weather turned hot and muggy and it was all I could do to work for a few hours early in the morning. Then I would take a dip at the beach and have a swim, which gave me the fortitude to continue my sorting.

I worked for days on end, and yet there seemed to be no noticeable progress. Finally, my patience came to an end, and I just opened the window

*Crail Clark Davis, the distinguished portrait painter, ex-wife of Richard Harding Davis.

at the end of the attic and tossed everything, including the half-empty trunks, which would crash and spill all the remaining litter, at the back door. I would go down and start over, but at least it was cooler and I felt I could cope, especially since the contents could be scooped up and thrown into the rubbish, which I found I was doing more and more frequently. I tried to return and regretted losing a diary of Crail's father's trip through Europe: what he had seen of the fighting in 1871, and had gleaned of the workings of the Peace of William I of Prussia. Alas, it was carried off with the rubbish.

I often wonder what other treasures were discarded. However, this was but the beginning, as the place had been sold, and the studio was my next task. Most of the good portraits were left to the Academy in town; some had to be shipped to different galleries around the country and some I had to burn — these were the instructions. Last but not least, I had a twenty-three-room house to dismantle: the furniture to be shipped to California; some to be sold and the residue given away. It was a Herculean task, but somehow I managed to survive, and now enjoy to the full some of the paintings, the furniture and most of the books.

LUTAH MARIA RIGGS

By Stella Haverland Rouse

"I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't won that scholarship," said the late Lutah Maria Riggs a few years ago, as she reminisced about the contest for subscriptions she won in 1917. She chose a scholarship to study architecture. And what would Santa Barbara and southern California structures be like without the addition of some of her Mediterranean or "California" creations and her designs like the Vedanta Temple in Montecito and other buildings which enhance our landscape?

Since Miss Riggs did not impress one as the "salesman" type, I asked her if it was not difficult for her to solicit subscriptions to the Daily News, getting points for renewals or new readers. It was, she said, but she made herself do it, for she was determined to study architecture, and the scholarship was the only way to accomplish it. She walked as far as Carpinteria, soliciting subscriptions from door to door. Sometimes she encountered objections, as in the case of a school superintendent who had been criticized editorially by "The Old Man" — Charles A. Storke, recently. She did other work to make money; one was a job at Woolworth's as bookkeeper when the store was in the 700 block of State Street. She would collect the money from the cash register at every department, balance the books and turn the money over to the manager.

Miss Riggs recalled those early years one afternoon in her converted book and plan-filled garage-office. She came from the east in October, 1914, just after she had graduated from high school in Indianapolis. Since she had intended to study to be a history teacher, she lacked some units of study to enter a six-year course in architecture at the University of California, Berkeley. She had switched her interest to architecture after a designing a cottage for a lot in Michigan.

Junior College Studies

The junior college work was offered in the northeast corner of the old stone High School on De la Vina and Anapamu Streets. Cater-cornered across the block in some old wooden two-story buildings built for the sloyd school Miss Ednah Rich had started were some of the junior college facilities. Elmer Whittaker taught sloyd, and Miss Pearl Chase taught cooking upstairs.

Miss Riggs recalled that one day after she had eaten her brown bag lunch, she was leaning rather slouchily on the balcony outside the "cooking room." Miss Chase came out the doorway and noting Lutah's slumped position, said, "Don't stand that way, you'll develop curvature of the spine." Miss Riggs remarked that although Miss Chase was "accustomed to telling people what to do, she accomplished terrific things."

In the junior college program she took quite a few subjects which she needed for entrance at Berkeley: trigonometry, freehand drawing and mechanical drawing with Eugene Harlacher. She received a teaching credential for two years' work.

Mr. Storke wanted her to attend Stanford; he said she could have fun there, but she believed that the architectural program at Berkeley was better. She worked her way through part of her four-year attendance at the University of California. In spite of its being a difficult course, the students had fun in the drafting room. Sometimes a student with a sense of humor would "pipe the flight" of the students up Hilgard Avenue, or comment on the "figures"

passing by. There were several women in the courses in which she was enrolled, and she corresponded with some of them after graduation. A few of them pursued careers in architecture; one inherited a ranch which she managed with a sister. One of the young men's father owned a "typewritorium," and the would-be architect settled for a career in his father's firm.

Discrimination Against women

After graduation from Berkeley Miss Riggs met prejudice against women in applying for a job with George Washington Smith. She pointed out that reluctance to hire her might be attributed to a "jealous wife," who did not know some girls "might be all right" — which apparently Mrs. Smith realized later, for the Smiths took her to Mexico and Europe with them, and Mrs. Smith was a good friend.

Miss Riggs went to Los Angeles looking for work after Smith's refusal of a job. There somebody told her that he was looking for a draftsman. She returned to Santa Barbara and applied for the opening. She was on trial for a week — standing up to work, while co-workers sat. On Saturday Mr. Smith returned from picking up his mail with a drafting stool on which she could sit. However, in the meantime she had secured a position teaching at a country school on the Casitas Pass, and she began her pedagogical duties. It was a typical one-room institution, with drinking cups and a bucket of water to use from a faucet outside. She learned to pick out a patriotic tune on the old organ to call the pupils together.

Parents of the children wanted her to live in the neighborhood, so she boarded and "roomed" with a family which expected her to sleep in the kitchen. In addition, one family wanted her to instruct their kindergartener (not acceptable at school) at night. She found that she was "bushed" at the end of the day — what with rotating classes and making sure that some of her pupils studied while others recited.

Employment by G.W. Smith

Among her chores was cleaning the blackboards in the late afternoon, then going outside to clap the erasers together to free them of chalk. One afternoon as she was performing that task, a big car drove into the yard. In it were Mr. and Mrs. Smith, to see how she was getting along and to ask her to work in his office. The trustees closed the school temporarily until they could hire a substitute. Miss Riggs was glad to be freed of her work there, for the drive back and forth to Santa Barbara in her car would have been a long, difficult one that winter. The road had hairpin turns, and that season was very rainy, resulting in almost impassable roads.

When she went back to Smith's office, he went east, leaving her to design three houses for the Ojai area, and other business commitments. One of her co-workers was Keith Lockard, who was drafting for Smith at the time. She said that he was not prejudiced against girl workers. She learned, she said, to keep her mouth shut and work, to talk when the boss came around and it was necessary, then shut up. The noted architect wanted her to be head of the drafting room, but she told him that the men probably wold not cooperate under those circumstances. She found her boss was open-minded

about her as a woman architect.

After the earthquake, when many Santa Barbara architects were vying for a chance to design the courthouse, Smith said that he would not be in the fight to be the architect of it.

As a draftsman for George Washington Smith, Miss Riggs was given an opportunity to inspect the old Lobero Theater with its thick adobe walls and wooden front, when there was talk of remodeling it for use before the earthquake, and she as chief designer for him assisted greatly in creating the new Lobero. She pointed out that it was fortunate that advice of a structural engineer to tear the old theater down was followed, for the old opera house would not have survived the 1925 earthquake. The Lobero, completed in 1924, was relatively free of damage. A few years ago, she was advisor for changes in the Lobero when it was renovated.

Miss Riggs worked for the noted architect about seven years, until he died in 1930. She had built a Mediterranean home in 1926 in Montecito not far from the Smiths' residence, and in 1928 she passed her examinations and was licensed by the California State Board of Architects. After Smith's death she opened her own office and designed houses until World War II stopped building.

She went to MGM studios in Los Angeles where she made sets for the government. She says she did "not learn anything there," but because of her knowledge of architectural styles of different periods, was able to furnish authentic settings for the pictures. The government protested the designers' use of metal in "iron work" in their scenes, but was told the material just looked that way: it was wood. Nevertheless, her work was interesting; she was able to see how the big sound stages worked, and the production of "ocean" scenes in small tanks.

Miss Riggs' Designs

Miss Riggs has designed styles other than the many Mediterranean and "California" ones she did for Smith, and in her own practice. The Vedanta Temple in Montecito is one. but she felt that Santa Barbara should try to keep the Mediterranean influence, not too far-fetched, or Gothic, perhaps. When the Suskies were having their building designed near El Paseo, she was called in at Miss Pearl Chase's suggestion to modify the exterior design of the Los Angeles architects so that the building would blend more harmoniously with El Paseo, and it "looks as if it belongs to El Paseo," she said.

Her Emphasis on Design

She was honored for her emphasis on design by Fellowship and membership in the College of Fellows of the American Institute of Architects in 1960. But in spite of her deep interest in design, she believed that "houses must be adapted to the needs of owners," and that they should have "practicality and livability."

She aimed to have a useful structure, but one which not only expressed beauty in itself, but was furnished and landscaped in harmonious style. Her theory was that the specific client, need and site should determine the format and materials of a structure, and that the result in each case should be the "best solution to a given problem."



Lutah M. Riggs' home S.B. Historical Society

Homes she designed included those for Baron Maximilian von Romberg, Wright Ludington, E. Palmer Black, E. Leslie Kiler, Wright S. Ludington, C. Pardee Erdman, Robert E. Gross, Alan Breed Walker and Miss Alice Erving. Other local structures included doctors' offices, the Meridian studios on East de la Guerra Street under Smith's direction, the library and herbarium of the Botanic Garden and the Vedanta Temple.

She was recognized as an outstanding southland woman by being named one of nine Women of the Year in 1966 by the Los Angeles Times. She was an officer in architectural organizations, and for a time was on the State Board of Architectural Examiners. She also served the local community in organizations attempting to improve the quality of living here.

In September, 1951, she told News-Press writer Verne Linderman, "I have loved this place, and I like to feel I have contributed something to it." She continued enriching the city for many years after that. Santa Barbara lost an ardent supporter of the best in its heritage by her death March 8, 1984.

FUTURE ACTIVITIES

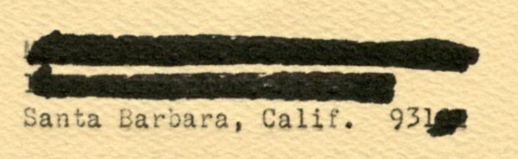
Keep in mind the annual meeting of the Santa Barbara Historical Society in the Covarrubias Adobe Thursday, January 19, 1984.

A reception honoring outgoing officers and board members will be held in the Carrillo Room of the Historical Museum following the meeting.

LIBRO DE RECUERDOS

During 1983 many persons were honored at the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum by memorial gifts from friends and relatives, entitling them to listing in the *LIBRO DE RECUERDOS* the beautiful leather-bound volume in the Spanish Room. The Society invites you to remember your loved ones in this special way.

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY
136 EAST DE LA GUERRA STREET
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA 93101

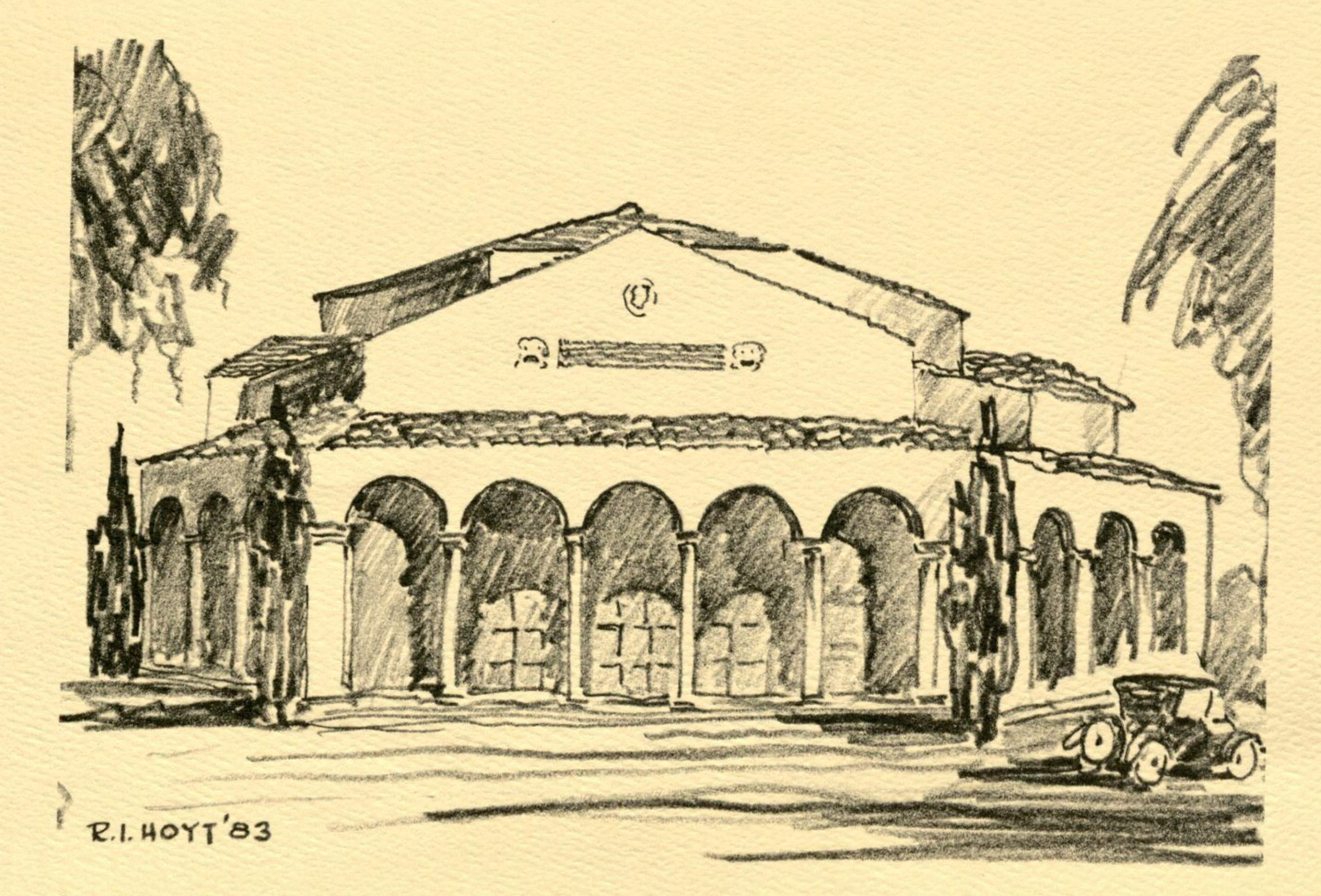


[redacted]
Santa Barbara, Calif. 931[redacted]



Santa Cruz Island Chapel, Main Ranch, when a Mission was conducted by the Rev. Jenna, S. J., 1893.
From a glass plate taken by Arthur J. Caire. Note the vineyard. Helen Caire

Vol. XXIX, No.4 Winter, 1983



Mrs. William Miller Graham's Country Play House from a photograph in the Morning Press, April 19, 1914 Robert Ingle Hoyt
See page 74 (Outdoor Theatres)

CHRISTMAS AT THE ISLAND

By Helen Caire*

It was coming true at last—our dream of Christmas at the Island. Our sojourns were always during summer vacations, sometimes in the fall or spring. But this was to be in winter at Christmastime!

Several weeks before the day, there were countless confabulations as preparations got under way. Of course, the Christmas tree would be a pine—not the Santa Cruz Island Pine,[1] the remnant of an ancient era. A close kin of the Torrey Pine, it has disappeared from elsewhere in the world. With branches thrust out irregularly, its outline has a rugged look, as though daring the centuries to uproot it. These primeval pines would reject being trimmed; but its forest fellow, the Bishop Pine, full and symmetrical, would lend itself well to garlands and ornaments.

Early one morning my cousin Justinian set out with a workman for the Pinos Chicos, the forest that marches northwestward from Prisoners' Harbor to Pelican Bay; beyond, stretch the Pinos Grandes.

The Santa Cruz Christmas Tree

Hours later, the old Ford rumbled over the bridge, and when it came to a halt before the side gate of the residence enclosure, we rallied around it with cries of mock-surprise: "Santa Claus! How did you find us here 'way out in the Channel?" and "How did your reindeer turn into a tin Lizzie?" Laughing cheers greeted a full-branched pine when it was unloaded and carried into the house.

Hercules Pico, the regular cook, was on vacation in Santa Barbara, so the temporary cook importantly left his pots and skillets for an afternoon — though his feet "hurt somethin' terrible" — to make a stand for it: a wooden box painted bright green. The rough trunk fitted perfectly into the round hole at the top. Centered before the view window of the living room, the pine stood proudly in its aromatic green.

We looked at it and then at each other with quizzical expressions — the thought in each mind: a fine thing, a beautiful thing as it was. Why trim it? Youthful intolerance, laced with a fillip of Gallic bias, prompted some mutterings of "What a Teutonic notion! to decorate a tree — ." Finally, someone suggested, "Oh, come on. It's a Christmas custom we've always had. Let's go ahead!" So untimely prejudice was quashed.

Not having brought the usual decorations from home, we set out in search of ornaments. The clear, brittle air of winter nipped at our warm sweaters and jeans in spite of the sparkling sunshine. My sister Marie, always ingenious in improvising and fashioning things, was bubbling with ideas. From tall eucalyptus trees we picked blue-gray "bells" to be gilded and strung into garlands. Even now, years later, they still retain their aromatic scent. Others we covered with colored foil — red, silver, green, yellow — and tied them in clusters. Still others we fashioned into shining bells of bright glazed paper. Marie painted oak tree "balls" with white lead and sprinkled them with pastel-colored crystals. We gilded the tight brown cones growing on several

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*Helen Caire is the granddaughter of Justinian Caire, early owner of Santa Cruz Island. With her family and friends she used to spend happy summer and other vacations at the Island. Some of her interests are opera, travel, writing, and especially California history.

[1] Pinus Remorata Mason

branches of the tree — "built-in" ornaments which the pine itself furnished.

The weather, clear but cold, made particularly welcome a big wood fire, crackling and snapping in the hearth, sending up clean, good-smelling flames every evening. When the fire was low, we sprinkled kernels in the old wire basket of the corn popper and snapped the cover tightly. Soon the sudden, surprised hop of the yellow kernels fluffed out in the wire basket and the smell of popcorn permeated the warm room. Later, there was the buttered batch to munch from a handy bowl while we threaded the popcorn on long strings.

My cousin Lucile emerged one day from secret sessions in her room, holding up the head of old Santa Claus himself. She had drawn the outline on cardboard. For Santa's red coat and cap she fastened Toyon berries; for eyes she chose black seeds from the ligustrum hedge behind the patio, and for a luxuriant beard, popcorn billowed over the lower half of his face. He had a merry look as he topped the tree.

The cook was brought in to admire, and Juan, the saddle maker, too. It was the first Christmas tree on the Island—really a tree of love and happy labor.

Now mid-morning or mid-afternoon, the kitchen was redolent of the scent of spices, chocolate, pinenuts, citron and other savory ingredients that escaped the oven to announce that the Christmas cake was baking. My mother had a super culinary gift; under her direction the Christmas feast was sure to be a gourmet's delight.

Several days before Christmas some of us rode, some drove down to La Playa (Prisoners' Harbor) to greet Father Thomas Sherman, who was to be our guest. We were pleased that he had promised to celebrate the three Masses of Christmas. When the schooner "Santa Cruz" came alongside, my father stepped nimbly onto the wharf with the white-bearded padre. He somewhat resembled his father, General William Tecumseh Sherman. The black hat and long black coat looked rather incongruous with his khaki outfit and doeskin leggings which an Indian had made for him. He was most affable and very interested in the Island, so we all arrived at the Main Ranch in high spirits.

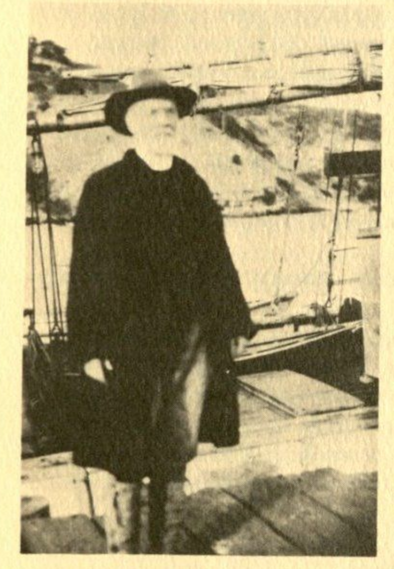
Father Thomas Sherman

Father Tom, a highly individualistic person with definite tastes and ideas, was a most agreeable guest. He was a good conversationalist and had a store of interesting anecdotes to relate. One day at dinner in the long dining room, we asked him about the truth of the Sherman rose story.

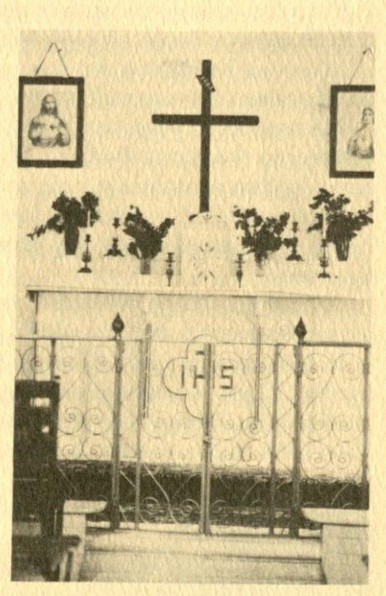
He gave a characteristic "Pshaw!" Of course General Sherman had met Señorita Maria Ignacia Bonifacio in Monterey, and there was a rosebush climbing on the porch of the house. But there never was a romantic attachment. General Sherman did return to Monterey years later and had a very pleasant visit with the gracious Spanish lady. So the bright flame of truth burnt up the golden straw of a charming but fictitious legend of old California. There is now a bank on the site of the Bonifacio adobe house in downtown Monterey with a plaque commemorating the Sherman rose legend.

In the evening we brought out the cribbage board, used by a former generation of the family, for Father Tom enjoyed the game. My mother played

cribbage with the padre, while we chattered, popped corn, played cards or other games, wrote letters, or if it happened to be "schooner day," read the several newspapers which had arrived from Santa Barbara. Kerosene lamps lighted the room, a large one with a painted glass shade on the center table. When our games became too exuberant or a sudden draft blew across the lamp chimneys from an open door, there were cries of "Look out for the lamp!" — especially from the older generation. Everyone joined in practicing Christmas carols, for Father Tom insisted that we must be the choir. The candles in brackets on either side of the music book were lighted, as Lulu sat down to play on the yellowed keys of the little rosewood piano. It had come from France around the Horn long ago, and seemed to have a peculiar sound of sweetness and age. My father's *bel canto* tenor led us in "*Minuit Chrétien. . .*" and other carols.



The Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., on arrival at the island   Helen Caire



Interior of chapel at Main Ranch
Helen Caire

The Chapel on Santa Cruz

Now the chapel absorbed our attention. Instead of the early Franciscan mission that might have been, my grandfather, Justinian Caire, had the chapel built in 1891 in the style of the one at his family's summer home in the Alps of Dauphiny. Built of bricks, molded from island earth and fired at the Main Ranch, the little building was squared by stone blocks at the four corners from ground to roof. A cross was carved by an expert Italian stone mason in each quoin. The sturdy red brick chapel with its brown belfry, close to a hillslope of the northern range, almost surrounded by the glistening green of the vineyard, presented a tranquil scene. Calls of meadow larks and mourning doves deepened the ambiance of serenity. But now in December the

green leaves had turned to scarlet and gold and finally withered in season. The vine trunks stood out gnarled and thick above the plowed earth.

A detour down a trail of the past is relevant here with regard to plans for a mission at the island, referred to above. As early as 1770 the Franciscan padres had thought of building a mission on the island.[1] In 1804 Father Tapis broached the subject to Arrillaga, the governor of California, who approved, particularly as an aid in putting a stop to contraband. Many foreigners were smuggling goods, especially sea otter fur, as the names of Smugglers' Coves at Santa Cruz and at San Clemente Islands attest. Since the padres wished to convert the Island Indians, and the Spanish government wished to halt smuggling, an island mission was planned. The Chumash from neighboring Santa Rosa Island were willing to move to Santa Cruz, but would not consent to go to the mainland to beautiful Santa Barbara Mission.

However, chiefly because of an epidemic of measles which raged through the Chumash villages on both islands, the populations were so reduced that all plans for building a mission on the island were abandoned. Instead, the few survivors were brought to the mainland, probably to Mission Santa Ynez.

We wondered why the Island Chumash had not been taken across the channel to the Santa Barbara Mission. Finally we decided that the padres, realizing that nostalgia in daily seeing their islands swimming on the channel horizon would be too much to bear, transported them inland behind the coast range. Good psychology, we agreed, for we could sympathize with the native islanders.

So in place of the projected early nineteenth century mission, there was a late nineteenth century island chapel.

In 1893 Justinian and Albina Caire planned to have a mission in the chapel for the Island workmen, since going to the mainland to attend Mass was not possible. It was not, of course, such a mission as the Franciscans would have built, but a course of sermons and services in the chapel for reviving faith and zeal. Father Genna, S. J., a friend of my grandparents, conducted the mission to which the employes, chiefly Californios and Italians, responded well.

So much for the detour wandering into the past, and time to return to our twentieth century Christmas at the Island.

The Search for "Toyons"

A few days before Christmas we rode over the trails in the hills, armed with shears to find Toyon berries for the chapel, huge crimson clusters for the Bambino's house on His Birthday. Father Tom exchanged his black hat for the straight-brimmed khaki-colored one he had worn as a chaplain in the cavalry. He was not at all disconcerted by the steep, narrow trails in the chaparral of the Colorados, the rolling red range forming the southern boundary of the *Cañada del Medio*, the central valley where the Main Ranch lies.

The largest, brightest Toyon berries ripen on the southern slopes of the range. We tied crimson bunches on both sides of the saddle horns, the clusters

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[1] Hubert Howe Bancroft. History of California, III (Annals of territorial California, 1825-1840) 33-34. Zephyrin Engelhardt. The Missions and Missionaries of California, III, 235-54.

of berries reaching over the shoulders of our horses. They objected somewhat, but not disastrously. Then our cavalcade of six or seven returned with jingling bridles and bright red berries to the high-arched entrance of the stable.

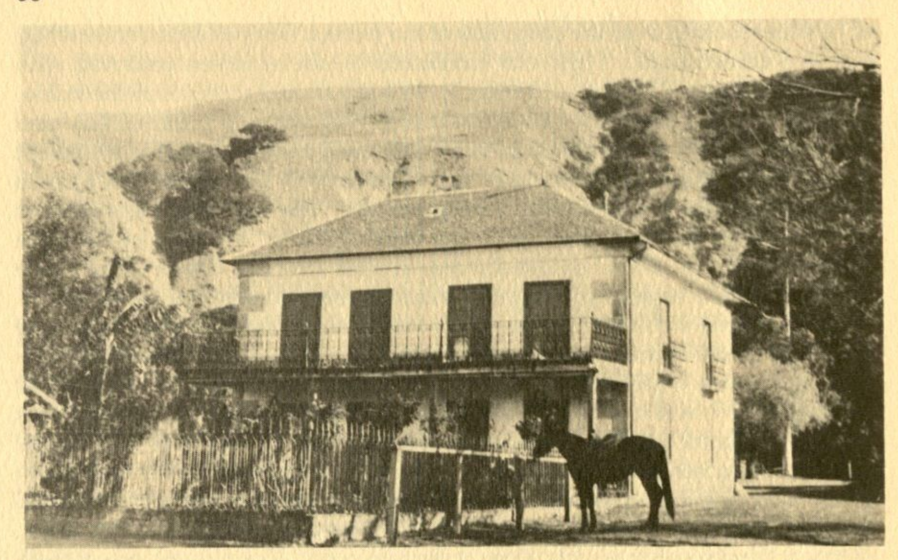
What a good place the red brick stable was with its smell of hay and harnesses and horses! How clean were the tarred cobbles between the swept planks of the stalls lined on either side! The arch at the farther end opened on a corral almost bisected by a long manger. The hay chute sloped to it from the loft, our best slide when we were children. We always liked the stable. Now it reminded us vividly that in a far land the Christ Child chose to be born in a stable, the humble place of the animals that serve us.

Abelino, the stableman, especially took pride in keeping it in order. He had been at the Island when my young mother and aunts rode on side saddles and wore wide divided skirts. We could not remember any other stableman. He was not at the Island this December. Rheumatism kept him on the mainland, wistfully looking across the channel. So it was Juan, slight and squinting behind his readymade glasses, who came from the tack room which was called the saddle shop, probably because Juan was a professional saddle maker. He more than willingly left the high seat to his work table, facing a window with a wide view of the barnyard. The *paisano* was a chatty person with an eager "What's doing?" personality. He admired the berries and made other chat as he took our horses.

On our second trip we took the more efficient, if less interesting method for carting Toyons — the Model T Ford. Justy cranked it up for us and stepped nimbly aside, waving us off elaborately with his *sombrero*, as with a jerk, we started up, rattling down the almost three-mile road in the *Cañada del Puerto* to Prisoners' Harbor. There Rafael, newly from Mexico — the regular employe at La Playa must have been on vacation — emerged from the barnyard across the creek. Trailing him along the bridge was a procession of dog, chickens, piglet, and calf.



Riding down to *Cañada del Puerto* Helen Caire



House at Prisoners' Harbor — Helen Caire

Greeting us with his sweet, childlike smile, he enthusiastically helped to pick more berries *"por el altar por la Navidad."* We climbed the zigzag trail up the steep slope to the look-out house, used to spy the mast of the sailboat "Star of Freedom" through a telescope before the "Santa Cruz" was built. Not far beyond the small building of weathered wood we found generous trees with heavy clusters on the edge of the chapparal.

When we came down, we entered the garden surrounded by a wrought-iron picket fence in front of the two-story adobe house. We paused to look up at it; it was so charming with green shutters on French doors leading to wrought-iron railed balconies. Poinsettias, flaming in a corner of the garden, had been saved for this feast day, and we took the best blooms. Rafael helped us load our floral cargo into the Ford. While we bumped and rattled on the creek-bed road up to the Main Ranch, we carefully protected our bouquets to keep them from being bruised or broken.

The Santa Cruz Island Chapel

On Christmas Eve, having ransacked the ranch for vases, we decorated the chapel, opening the double doors with a wonderfully long French key. Father Tom had appointed Jeanne sacristan. On the simple altar she laid the smooth linen cloth. Between branched candlesticks, poinsettias and berries flamed in their vases and on the deep sills under the four ogival windows.

Back at the house in the living room we rigged up a confessional with a screen and a footstool for a kneeler, and on the other side, a chair for Father Tom and a table with a candle, casting a shadowy light. Now we were ready for the day.

Berry clusters on both sides of the mantel and on the center table, the fresh green pine, and firelight glowing on the old-fashioned frames of chairs and high-backed sofa radiated an ambiance of warmth and festivity.

Christmas morning dawned crisp and clear. We shivered as we donned "city clothes" and pulled on our riding boots to keep our legs warm, laughing as we looked at each other in our semi-urban, demi-ranch costumes. Singing carols, we set out for the chapel, two big puppies scampering after us, through the peach orchard, over the bridge, and over the plowed earth of the vineyard. "The first Noel, the angels did say. . . " and " *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. . . " The words of the age-old carols streamed over the fields, over the fertile clods and gnarled vine trunks, while from the littly belfry resounded the sweet, mellow pealing of the chapel bell.

We entered under the Gothic arch of the doorway. Early light touched the windows in slanting paths of amber, rose and blue. Beyond the wrought-iron sanctuary railing, forged long ago in the Island smithy, the altar candles blazed in tongues of light; the flowers bloomed for their God.

The Island Christmas Masses

The chapel was filled. Father Tom, at the altar in white vestments, began the first Mass. It did not detract from the solemnity that his doeskin leggings showed below the alb. Justy, acting as acolyte, looked even taller in his Western boots.



The Rev. Thomas Sherman, S. J., Christmas Day
Helen Caire

There knelt my father, his shoulders neat and straight, my pretty mother beside him, my sisters and cousins. The ranch hands had filed in, and remained for the three Masses — all of us kneeling before the Mystery of the Birth. Rafael had been driven up from La Playa for the Masses. He wore a white panama hat. Winter or not, this was his best hat to be worn on great occasions.

"Adeste Fideles. . ." — "Holy Night, Silent Night. . ." The Host was raised before the lights and bright blooms, the Mystery of the Death celebrating the Mystery of the Birth. The second and third Masses followed. The very air of the little chapel was filled with sacred beauty.

At one point our puppy companions which had been barred entrance, pushed in their heads at the door and were swiftly banished. But when we came out, leaving the chapel with its sweet scent of snuffed candles, Bully Boy with the sad eyes and head of a mastiff, and fat, brindle Donnie, sons of old Don, yelped and romped happily.

We returned to the house, our boots avoiding the clods of the dormant earth, and chattered of the gala feast to follow, with roasted wild geese, plump from the grainfields of Christy Ranch at the west end, and other tasty dishes, good wine heightening flavor and enjoyment—all finally capped with our traditional Christmas cake.

First the Feast of God, then the feast of men: This was Christmas at the Island.



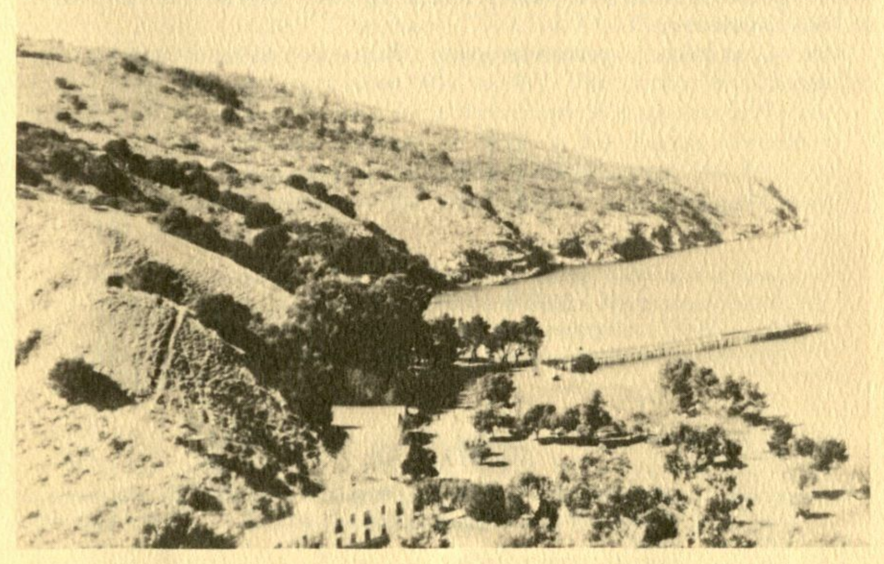
Jeanne Caire and wild geese for Christmas dinner, Main Ranch — Helen Caire

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SANTA CRUZ ISLAND
By Helen Caire*

The Chumash Indians were the first inhabitants of the island they called Limú, which lies twenty-five miles due south of Santa Barbara.[1] For several millennia this coastal people lived in their villages on the 60,000-acre island.

In 1542 Juan Rodrígues Cabrillo discovered California for the Western World and took possession in the name of the Spanish crown.[2] Under the command of Sebastián Viscaíno, the next explorers charted the coast and named the Santa Barbara Channel.[3] More than a century and a half passed before the Island Chumash again saw the square-sails of Spanish ships billowing in the channel wind. The first land made by this expedition on their journey from Mexico in 1769 was Limú. The explorers, led by Juan Perez, landed and named the island Santa Cruz.[4]

The Chumash Indians no longer inhabited the island in 1830 when thirty-one prisoners were sent there by the Mexican government.[5] The main port of the island is called Prisoners' Harbor after them. Remaining only from April to November, the prisoners escaped to the mainland on a raft.



Prisoners' Harbor — Helen Caire

In 1839 the President of Mexico authorized a special grant of Santa Cruz Island to Andrés Castillero. Whether this Spanish gentleman ever set foot on the island is unknown. He sold it to Eustace Barron and his associates, title being taken in 1859 in the name of William E. Barron, nephew of Eustace. They started ranching operations, stocking the island with fine sheep.

"In 1869, ten San Franciscans — directors of the local French savings bank, including Justinian Caire — filed articles of incorporation for The Santa Cruz Island Company, which acquired the island as a basis for livestock opera-

*For Santa Barbarans who may not be familiar with THE Island's history, Miss Caire has prepared this brief, accurate survey.